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APRIL 25, 1960

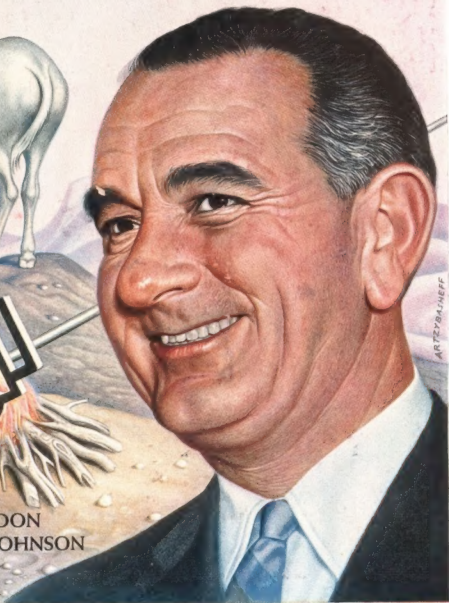
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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



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VOL. LXXV NO. 17

LA REVOLUTION DE L'AUTOMOBILE *or, how more and more Americans have made their driving fun again.*

La Proclamation: We, the drivers of America, want a car that is economical, quality-built, comfortable, parkable, handsome. We demand a return to the car-car! *Le Background:* Renault, pioneer name in the automobile world (since 1896), heeds the call to rational driving; Renault designs, tests, starts selling the delectable Dauphine. It catches on!

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La Situation Today: you've been reading about the great changes in the automobile picture. Well...go compare, see, check. Feature for feature. Dollar for dollar. Then come back and see once more the car that helped bring it all about. (See too, the jazzy Caravelle convertible.) The automobile revolution...she is here.....*Allons Citoyens!*



Le Car Hot: RENAULT Dauphine





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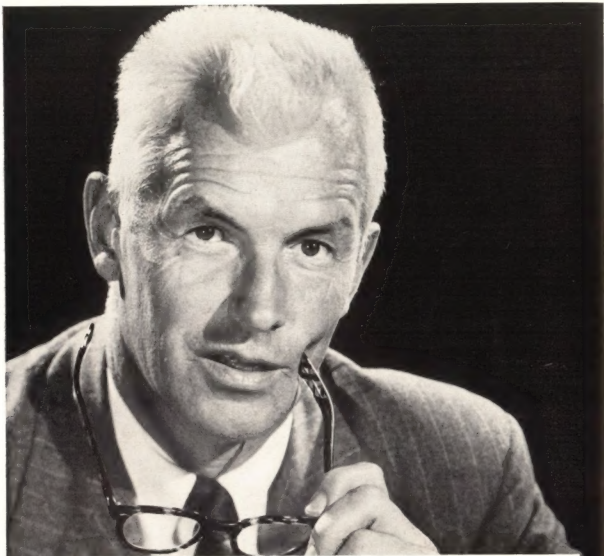
TIME

April 25, 1968

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Volume LXXV

Number 17



What it takes nowadays to attract and hold top men

One thing's sure — a big salary or hefty cash bonus alone isn't the inducement it used to be to top-caliber men. These men are usually in high income brackets already. Too little of the extra money they'd get this way would be theirs to keep.

What else can you offer? One very effective inducement is a "delayed-action raise," funded by a Lincoln Life key man insurance policy.

Under such a plan the key man may, for example, be offered an extra \$5,000 annually for 20 years,

with the payments starting at age 65—when he will probably be retired and in a lower tax bracket. If the man dies before 65, his family receives the \$5,000 annually for 20 years. If he dies after 65, his family continues to receive the \$5,000 annually for the balance of the 20 years.

This deferred compensation generally assures the key man more spendable dollars than he'd have from extra income paid to him now.

Why not phone your Lincoln Life agent, or write for details?



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Fort Wayne, Indiana



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WESTERN UNION



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difference
new 1960 "Littlers"
can make!

New 1960 Spalding Gene Littler* registered woods and irons promise you more distance, greater accuracy, lower scores! These *Spalding exclusives* tell why:

- Exclusive: "Hydrosealed" Woods! Pressure-impregnated with bone-hard resin. Sealed 100% against moisture and deviation in size.
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- Exclusive: Shafts are reverse-threaded into the heads of the beautiful "Perma-Finish" irons. There's no pin to work loose—ever.

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*Gene Littler is a Member of Spalding's Golf Advisory Staff.

LETTERS

Thunder from Down Under

Sir:

The new "maturity" which your April 4 cover story credits to Australia also applies to *TIME*'s coverage of that vigorous country. Congratulations for writing five meaningful pages of American prose on Australia without once using the words "kangaroo" or "boomerang," or evoking the usual images that these terms have contributed to a now outdated view of Down Under.

Robert Menzies may eloquently summarize the new Australian vigor, but the national motivation of which you speak comes directly from those dinkum "blokes, coves and coots" who see a job to be done and are quietly going about doing it, fortified by a slightly irreverent bush spirit and the best bloody beer in the world.

HENRY HEIKKINEN

Minneapolis

Sir:

Dobell's portrait of Mr. Menzies is a hideous physiognomical distortion. However, *TIME*'s writers were as flattering with their pen pictures of our P.M. as Australia's Dobell was awry with his brushwork.

HOWARD ROBERTSON

Brishane

Sir:

Your feature confirms that our leading statesman, Menzies, is of world stature; your cover shows that our leading portrait painter, Dobell, does not make the grade.

SPENCER HASSALL

Sydney

Sir:

Looking at the portrait of Prime Minister Menzies of Australia, one feels that it is an excellent likeness, portraying not only his physical appearance but revealing his character as well. My congratulations to the artist.

LENA DILLAVOU HEDIN

Mexico City

Sir:

Maybe we all don't like Mr. Menzies as much as you say we do, but the story illustrates one point: the U.S. is becoming increasingly aware of Australia.

KEN COPLAND

Sydney

Sir:

You omitted a point of amusing historical significance to Americans. When Captain Phillip, R.N., founded the first Australian settlement that "warm January day in 1788," his express assignment was the establishment of a penal colony to replace that lost in America in 1785. The first Australian colonization was a direct result of the War of Independence.

BEN CARLIN

Falls Church, Va.

Sir:

You did not report that the Australian male still rules and has not yet become subservient to and dominated by the female of the species as appears to be the state of affairs in the U.S.—although it did take us some time to restore the position after the G.I. invasion of 1942-45.

E. L. HENZELL

Dayboro, Queensland

Sir:

You quoted a "senior Australian diplomat" as claiming that Australians "can talk to anybody in the world without any sense of innate inferiority." He must be a bigger

nincompoop than most other brainless, unlettered Australian public servants, who banned Erskine Caldwell's *God's Little Acre* and threatened Tom Lehrer with imprisonment if he sang his songs in Adelaide.

How can such absurd, Dogpatch-like creatures be thought equal to civilized people?

A. CORVIN-ROMANSKI

Melbourne



Mitchell—*Aspirin* News

"MR. DOBELL ASSURES ME THAT TODAY BEING THE FIRST OF APRIL HAS NOTHING WHATEVER TO DO WITH IT."

Sir:

We knew that there would be great interest in *TIME*'s Menzies cover and story, but we never anticipated the splash it caused. Ever since the magazine hit the stands, *TIME* and Dobell have been Topic A in Australia. Almost every major Australian paper has reproduced the cover portrait—the *Australian Women's Weekly* (circ. 800,000) reprinted it in full color—and nearly everyone has something to say, from those who call it "a travesty" to those who say it is "a work of genius"—or, more succinctly, from "bloody good" to "bloody awful."

The Melbourne *Herald* headlined its story MENZIES PORTRAIT—A STORM. The Sydney *Sunday Telegraph* reprinted the entire cover story, and the Sydney *Daily Telegraph* editorialized: "That American *TIME* magazine has chosen Mr. Menzies for its cover portrait is a tribute to a great Australian statesman and a boost for Australia."

Though *TIME*'s Melbourne printing plant increased its press run by 50% to meet the demand for copies, it was not nearly enough. All newsstand copies were sold out within two days, with requests for copies still coming in. Australians are really beginning to feel out from Down Under in terms of the rest of the world.

KEN CLARKE

TIME-LIFE International
Sydney

How to Choose a Candidate

Sir:

History tells us our country was founded in part by people who came here to escape the domination of the Pope.

Are we to start back into that turmoil by electing a Catholic President? Heaven forbid! There is no place in America for a Pope and his various machinations.

MRS. W. A. O'CONNOR

Corvallis, Ore.

Sir:

If you vote against a man because of his religion, it is called bigotry. But if you vote

for him for the same reason, it is called tolerance.

EDWARD CHARLES

Binghamton, N.Y.

Sir:

There are things far more important than a candidate's religion—peace for one. Will he tell the people how they can have peace by instituting the rule of law?

CARL K. BRONEER

San Diego

D'sunion in South Africa

Sir:

Once again, this time in South Africa, the soft underbelly of the Western "free" nations reveals a startling and potentially dangerous weakness. Race tensions and hatreds, while long played down as having no real effect on the ability of the Western alliance to oppose Communism, flare forth as a glaring reminder that this could be the Achilles' heel that Khrushchev has been looking for. It is a situation made to order for those trying to sell Communism as the panacea for all the tragic ills suffered by the black man at the hands of "democratic" governments.

NELSON HENRY

Dayton

Sir:

The ignorance of some people is oftentimes appalling; do not South Africa's Prime Minister Verwoerd and the mass of cretins cowering behind him, in the slime and filth that is his belief, even suspect what is to be the certain fate of their children? Bloodshed and tyranny lead to but more bloodshed and tyranny.

ARTHUR J. JACKSON

Philadelphia

Sir:

South Africa's "realists" (white Nationalists) are the wave of the future. *TIME* (and others) should realize that it was the realistic element of our world that did all the building, inspiring, and gave the leadership that brought us to our present high level of civilization.

PHILIP F. CONNELL

Portland, Me.

Sir:

The brutality of Sharpeville served to show the world, in blood-dripping colors, that the real savages of Africa are the ones wearing white skins.

AUSIER MOURA

Rio de Janeiro

Roof at the Top

Sir:

In a recent trip through the Southeast, I wanted to take some colored pictures of what I thought was a distinct style of architecture with a new, fresh approach. I came home with one picture—St. Paul's Lutheran Church of Sarasota. I am glad we concur on Victor Lundy's abilities [April 4].

(THE REV.) FRANK A. KOSTYU

Immanuel Evangelical & Reformed Church Alliance, Ohio

Sir:

With reference to the "bold roofs" of St. Paul's and St. Andrew's, may I suggest that they evoke nothing so much as the graceful lines of a revival tent. It would appear that church architecture has regressed through neo-store-front to neo-camp-meeting.

CARL BANGS

Kankakee, Ill.

Sir:

Your story on the fascinating creations of Architect Victor Lundy comes as no surprise to his boyhood friends. Back in the years of



You pack more fun in a TR-3!



Now the ground rises fast...and far up ahead the road traces a long, hard curve. You push down a little on the gas and feel the car reach out for more road.

You have never driven this car before, but you smile because you know you haven't even touched the core of its true power. It is a Triumph TR-3 and it has 100 h.p. with dual carburetion and over-head valves. The engine can show you 110 m.p.h. in a few seconds. And up front are big disc brakes that won't fade or lock when the road drops down steep again. Now you feel the grip of the curve. But the TR-3 does not sway or squeal. Its wheels

track as if the car was a moving part of the road.

You don't slide in your seat on the curve, because the seat is contoured. You don't sit on it but *in* it. Its comfort is firm and deep.

The town closes in now and gas stations slip by. You like knowing the TR-3 will give you up to 35 m.p.g. and that there are no cars within \$500 of it with all this value.

There are so many things you like about this TR-3 you can't think of them all. You're too excited anyway as you drive into your TRIUMPH dealer. You have just test-driven this remarkable car. And you like it so much you are going to buy it—right now.

TRIUMPH

TR-3
ONLY \$2675*

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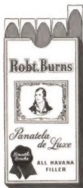
Peterson paces while Robt. Burns



Tonight it's fret and worry but come tomorrow morning, Proud Papa Peterson will be passin' out the Panatelas. He's found all his pals appreciate the mild, mellow flavor, the unparalleled smoking pleasure of a Robt. Burns Panatela. Expectant fathers should stock up. So should storks.

Panatela de Luxe

2 for 27¢—or in the
handy 5-pack



Robt. Burns

5 popular shapes—
2/25¢ to 25¢ straight.
*T. M. Gen. Cig. Co., Inc.

our Bronx school days, everyone recognized his exceptional talents.

In fact, one of the many pleasures I enjoyed from our close friendship was the fringe benefit of sharing in the endless stream of invitations that he received to parties. There was always an ample surplus of good-looking girls. Victor married the second prettiest girl I know—a friend of my wife's.

JOSEPH E. SALES

Flushing, N.Y.

The Deliverer

Sir:

Your kindly and loving obit for Franklin P. Adams [April 4] evoked long-forgotten memories of his "Conning Tower" columns, which, secreted among the pages of William Wordsworth's output, helped a desperate group of college juniors get through an un-inspired course in romantic poetry.

By mid-term, in appreciation, we had written the following for underground class distribution:

*Lord, we don't like to complain
We know that the course is no lark
But there's that horrible pain
When Wordsworth determines the mark.
Nothing to read but the love
That enters his heart every day
Lord, if you hear up above
Fling us an F.P.A.!*

Who will deliver today's Wordsworth students? Allen Ginsberg?

SYLVIA R. LEFF

San Francisco

Sir:

If the late great F.P.A. got away with it, why not me too?

*Of all sad words asked married men
The saddest are these: Where have you
been?*

Or:

A thing of duty is a chore forever.

ANNE ALLMAN

St. Augustine, Fla.

Madison Time

Sir:

As a student nurse at the Johns Hopkins Hospital, only two blocks away from Madison Avenue, I particularly enjoyed your article on the new dance, "the Madison" [April 4].

Almost everyone around here is learning this dance—from the little children in the neighborhood to the medical students, doctors and nurses.

It is quite therapeutic too. You should see our patients perk up and cry, "It's Madison time!" whenever the tune is heard on the radio.

PETIE DAVIS

Baltimore

Letters to the Editor should be addressed to TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N.Y.

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Sir:

Maybe down South and out West it is called the "Madison," but up in Harlem it is called "Mashed Potato."

DUNCAN B. BUTLER

Glen Rock, N.J.

Stockholder Report

Sir:

Re your March 14 article on the French aluminum and chemical company, Pechiney; this article summarizes in the most vivid way the activity of our company. However, I must point out an error regarding our activity in Cameroon. The aluminum plant belonging to the Compagnie Camerounaise de l'Aluminium Pechiney Uginé is exclusively in the hands of French and Belgian shareholders [not shared with Olin-Mathieson]. On the other hand, Olin-Mathieson is an important shareholder of FRIA, which produces alumina from local bauxite in Guinea; other shareholders in the company, in addition to our French group, are English, German and Swiss producers.

R. DE VITRY
President

Pechiney

Paris

☛ TIME erred.—Ed.

The Thinking Man's Philter?

Sir:

Congratulations for your delightful cover story of tobacco [April 11]. I have never smoked in my life, though I have always liked him to "blow some my way" and, being of the full age of maturity, pressed down and running over toward 20, I well remember the hideous fear with which many oldsters watched the younger generation (of which I was one back in the last century) eating tomatoes. (They were known as love apples and considered poisonous.) So, how about this song of an old tomato:

*Hush little 'Baccy, don't you cry.
As you are now, so once was I.
As I am now you soon may be—
The source of vitamins A to Z.*

LOUISE HUBERT GUYOL

New Orleans

Sir:

Your cover was enough to make me want to give up smoking—sadiatic symbolism at its finest!

LYNDA PECK

Washington, D.C.

Sir:

Your excellent article on tobacco stated that 36% of all women over 15 smoke. But apparently Cover Artist Artzybashev was unaware of this, because not one of the burning cigarettes he drew had even the slightest trace of lipstick on it.

CHARLES KINGSTON

Evanson, Ill.

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TIME
April 25, 1960

Volume LXXXV
Number 17

TIME, APRIL 25, 1960



SAIL ITALIAN LINE...LET TIME FLY



Time whiles away as it should on Italian Line—in blissful hours of pleasure. A few glowing evenings out of New York . . . a few golden days on deck, by sparkling pools . . . and you're on the Mediterranean—our favorite body of water. A few more days of port-hopping, watching fabled lands glide by, and you're in Europe—magnificently. You see, we have joyous antidotes for speed and worry: peace and leisure. (And fun.) Try them on for size. Some time soon.

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TIME, APRIL 25, 1960



THE SUMMER LOOK FOR THE SIXTIES IS THE UNMISTAKABLE LOOK OF

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POLYESTER FIBER

Be sure the next suit you buy has the Summer Look for the Sixties—the cool, comfortable, impeccable look of "Dacron" polyester fiber! And for summer '60, you can have this look in an unlimited range of patterns and shades. "Dacron", of course, enables these lightweight suits to resist wrinkling, stay pressed, even in wiling weather. This summer, enjoy the Look of the exciting Sixties...the impeccable look of "Dacron".

*Du Pont's registered trademark. Du Pont makes fibers, not the fabrics or clothes shown here. Enjoy THE DU PONT SHOW WITH JUNE ALLYSON every Monday at 10:30 p.m. EST, CBS-TV



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OUTSIDE: the unmistakable look of elegance at Buick's all-time best... a design as fresh and clean as sea air. **INSIDE:** extravagant comfort and Buick's all-time best interior decor... richer, roomier, with more attention to thoughtful details! **THE TURBINE DRIVE BUICK '60**

Happiest Combination to Europe



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SAS DC-8 Pure Jets



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HENRY R. LEE
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A letter from the PUBLISHER

James A. Linen

The personalities of politics make public affairs live. Who are they and why? Is it necessary to view them with alarm, or should we rather point to them with pride?

—From the original prospectus for TIME

EVER since those lines were written 38 years ago, TIME has been trying to answer those questions and to make politics live through personalities as well as issues. In political 1960, politics is well populated with lively personalities. One of the liveliest is this week's cover subject, Lyndon Baines Johnson of Texas, who is making his third appearance on TIME's cover.*

Ever since serious talk about the 1960 campaign began, TIME has had all the recognizable Democratic presidential hopefuls on the cover. The first was Massachusetts' Senator John Kennedy, who was spotlighted as the front runner on Dec. 2, 1957. As campaign talk heated up, we took a cover look at the whole field of Democratic hopefuls (Nov. 24, 1958), then a closer look at Candidate-to-be Stuart Symington (Nov. 9, 1959) and Candidate Hubert Humphrey (Feb. 1, 1960). Adlai Stevenson's last individual appearance on the cover was on the issue of July 16, 1956; he was among the hopefuls of November 1958. The leading personality on the Republican side of the 1960 ticket—Richard Nixon—was last on the cover on Aug. 3, 1959, during his Khrushchev-arguing visit to Moscow. Nelson Rockefeller, whose name keeps coming up, was a cover subject on Oct. 6, 1958.

As the politics of 1960 moves closer to the end of its first act (the nominating conventions) and on to its finale (the November election), TIME will continue to try to make this period of history live through its personalities as well as its issues. Needless to say, not all of TIME's judgments will please all of our readers. But we hope we will never fail to answer those questions: "Who are they and why?"

* The first (June 22, 1953) introduced him as a skillful Senate leader of a then defeated and demoralized party; the second (March 17, 1958) told how he had helped lead his party to new power on Capitol Hill.



JULY 1956



DEC 2 1957



NOV 9 1959



FEB. 1, 1960

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OUTBOARD MARINE: POWER FOR WORK, POWER FOR FUN

mechanical muscles for underdeveloped lands

A Wild Man in Borneo . . . an Alaskan Eskimo . . . a water-borne Philippine coconut carrier . . . South American miners and oil prospectors . . . and the atomic submarine USS SKATE are some of these served by Outboard Marine's international subsidiary, Outboard Marine International, S.A.

Selling in the African bush

Often, an Outboard Marine International salesman feels akin to the traders of our American frontier days.

Take, for example, our man stationed in West Africa. Like salesmen everywhere, he makes his rounds calling on present and prospective dealers. Let's go with him on a routine trip. First, we leave the coastal port which serves as headquarters. It's a five hundred mile trip by jeep into the hinterland. No superhighways. No motels. No credit cards. Just a rough trail, native villages, and wildlife that our man's American counterpart sees only in zoos. After three hard days of beating the African bush, so to speak, we arrive at a native town on a large river. Our salesman sets up headquarters. Calls on his local dealer. Counsels and advises. Then, puts on a demonstration of Outboard Marine outboard motors for prospects . . . rivermen and fishermen who depend on the river for their living. Result? He sold one hundred motors. In Iowa or Africa, you've got to know the territory.

Suddenly nobody's hungry

In many underdeveloped countries, the food supply is there. Getting it to market is the problem. Take the lovely island of Jamaica. For years, this



island, surrounded by excellent fishing waters, imported fish from Newfoundland. Naturally, it was expensive. The trouble was that native fishermen could row or sail just so far. The fish were further out at sea. Time and distance worked against the fishermen. Then, the Jamaican Government began backing the purchases of outboard motors for commercial fishing. As a result, the average Jamaican fisherman's income has risen from thirty shillings to six pounds per week, a four-fold increase. But, even more important, there's more low-cost protein for the populace. That's why countries like Jamaica, Mexico, Senegal, and British North Borneo are subsidizing the purchases of outboard motors for commercial fishing.

Sounding off in the Arctic

When the atomic submarine USS SKATE was making its remarkable voyage under the polar ice cap, it desired to make contact with the research station on ice island Alpha. The submariners knew the location of

the island. But, they didn't know the exact location of the ice lake . . . the open water in which the submarine could surface. When the submarine came within close range, the station had a boat . . . powered by a Johnson outboard motor . . . go round and round in the lake. Sound equipment in the submarine picked up the propeller beat of the motor. The sound acted as a beacon to the ice lake's location . . . on which they "homed in" to the open water where they could surface. Incidentally, Outboard Marine products work equally well in the Antarctic. A Pioneer Chain Saw cut a block of Antarctic ice . . . which was flown to cool the refreshments at a New York banquet.

Workhorses in exotic lands

It's not a lazy life for Outboard Marine products overseas. Outboard motors power pirogues, dugout canoes, rafts, and sailing craft. Help carry missionaries into the roadless interior of Brazil, and copra in the Caroline Islands. Help rescue wild animals from flood along the Zambesi, and people from floods everywhere. Cushman utility vehicles deliver milk in Vera Cruz . . . soft drinks and ice cream in Caribbean islands. LAWN-BOY® power mowers give South African lawns that tailored look. Pioneer Chain Saws fell Canadian fir and jungle hardwood giants with equal aplomb.

What is the goal?

The goal is to help people all over the world improve their standard of living . . . with the gasoline-powered products of Outboard Marine Corporation.

**One day this month
in one of these aircraft
General Electric jet engines
will have exceeded
27 million flight hours**



It all started in 1942 when General Electric engines powered America's first jet flight. This month, General Electric jet engines will pass 27 million flight hours—more jet flight time than any other manufacturer. You'll profit from this vast experience this spring when the new Convair 880 jetliners enter commercial service. This swift aircraft is powered by General Electric—America's oldest and most experienced manufacturer of jet engines.

206-10

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

These airlines now plan to fly General Electric powered Convair 880's (above) or 600's: American Airlines, AVENSA (Venezuela), Capital Airlines, Civil Air Transport (Formosa), Delta Air Lines, Japan Air Lines, Northeast Airlines, REAL (Brazil), Scandinavian Airlines System, SWISSAIR, and Trans World Airlines. Also, New York Airways, Chicago Helicopter Airways, and Los Angeles Airways have announced plans to fly commercial helicopters powered by G-E jet engines.

Long Distance puts your salesmen in the right place at the right time

The result is extra sales and profits

Neither time nor distance is a barrier when you sell by Long Distance.

You or your salesmen can reach a dozen prospects in a dozen states in a single morning. You can be in touch with them at the

moment they're most likely to buy—or when a new product or idea is only an hour old.

You can move fast by Long Distance—and many directions at once. It's one of your most effective tools for bigger profits.

LONG DISTANCE RATES ARE LOW

Here are some examples:

Philadelphia to Washington, D.C.	65¢
Detroit to Pittsburgh	80¢
New York to Columbus, O.	\$1.25
Denver to Chicago	\$1.55
Los Angeles to Boston	\$2.25

These are day rates, Station-to-Station, for the first three minutes. Add the 10% federal excise tax

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



Long Distance pays off!

Use it now . . . for all it's worth!



EISENHOWER IN INDIA
Paul Schutzer—LIFE

THE NATION

Mood of the West

At the end of their three-day conference in Washington last week, the foreign ministers of the Western Big Three emerged with springlike smiles and cheerful words. "A very satisfactory meeting," said the U.S.'s Secretary of State Christian Archibald Herter. "Agreement was reached," said France's Foreign Minister Maurice Couve de Murville, echoing an earlier report by Britain's Foreign Secretary Selwyn Lloyd that "we agreed on everything."

What the foreign ministers had agreed on, with this display of cheerful unity was a united Western stance for the Big Four summit conference scheduled to begin in Paris on May 16, with President Eisenhower, Prime Minister Harold Macmillan and President Charles de Gaulle facing Premier Nikita Khrushchev. Other way stations still lay ahead—De Gaulle's eight-day visit to the U.S., beginning this week, and another foreign ministers' meeting in Istanbul on May 1—but essentially, the position that the West would take to the summit had been settled:

1) A willingness to discuss a nuclear test ban and disarmament.

DE GAULLE IN LONDON

Associated Press



TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

2) A hope that the Russians will refrain from stirring up the dormant Berlin crisis.

3) A determination not to back down from the Western insistence that any permanent change in Berlin's status must come about by way of free, supervised elections in East and West Germany.

Something New Added. Facing the first East-West summit conference since the Eisenhower-Eden-Faure-Bulganan meeting in Geneva in July 1955, the West showed a prevailing mood of optimism. It sprang in part from the human tendency of statesmen to congratulate themselves on the mere absence of crisis; in part from the West's prosperity, with its assurance that economically, Western democracy was outperforming Communism; and in part from the fact that at present the world's great issues are dormant.

But something new had been added to summity: the four statesmen who would meet next month were men of great prestige in their own lands, each freshly and widely traveled in the era of personal diplomacy. It was this evident new worldliness in Russia's Khrushchev that led the West to hope that he would bring to the summit a desire to avoid crises rather than to stir them up.

Western statesmen expect no dramatic agreements, but never during the cold war has the West, in moments of realism, expected any sweeping settlement of East-West conflicts. The hope underlying U.S. policy has been that if negotiation could keep resolving crises without war, internal changes within Russia would gradually transform it into a less monolithic society, ruled by a less hostile government.

New Fact of Life. During the Stalin era, that hope seemed completely unrealistic. But during the Khrushchev years, the West has slowly, warily concluded that forces of change are at work in the Red world, evidenced by greater emphasis on consumer-goods production, the partial dismantling of the police-state terror apparatus, the parting of the Iron Curtain to permit travel and cultural exchange. From his recent talks with Nikita Khrushchev, Charles de Gaulle brought away a firm impression that Khrushchev now feels compelled to take into account a new fact of life: Soviet public opinion.

As many Western statesmen see it, in-



KHRUSHCHEV IN IOWA
Art Shon

ternal changes have given Khrushchev a stake in international tranquillity. A plunge back into cold war would require a reversal of his "less terror, more consumer goods" policy, and leave the Russian people all the more discontented because they had tasted a little freedom and glimpsed an image of abundance. Accordingly, the argument runs, the forthcoming summit conference may be the beginning of a spell of peaceful negotiation rather than a mere lull between crises. Moscow seemed to echo this springtime mood of the Western world with a *Pravda* statement that the U.S.S.R. was "prepared to do everything to solve the German problem on a basis acceptable to the West as well."

SPACE

A Lap in the Race

Breathless scientist, to returning spaceman: Is there any life on Mars?

Spaceman: Well, there's a little on Saturday night, but it's awfully dead the rest of the week.

That loping shaggy dog was good for a laugh on both sides of the Potomac last week, and the laugh was not so much the measure of a joke as a symbol of Wash-

MACMILLAN IN SWAZILAND

Associated Press



ington's high spirits about U.S. progress in the space race. In one spectacular month the U.S. has lapped the Russians—not with any single spectacular display such as Sputnik or the moon shots, but with a succession of scientifically important launchings that are building a solid stairway to the stars. Said a top Government space scientist: "The Soviets have been first with spectacular shots—we can't take that away from them. But we are first by as wide a margin in scientific shots. With our large number of small satellites we have amassed a real lead in space."

☐ The 94.8-lb., paddle-wheeled planetoid Pioneer V, launched March 11, is on its way around the sun in an orbit between Earth and Venus, sending back information on radiation, temperature, micrometeorites and magnetic fields on its small, five-watt transmitter.

☐ The 270-lb. Tiros I eye-in-the-sky satellite (TIME, April 11) is clocking 14 rotations of the earth a day, has already transmitted 6,000 photographs of all parts of the globe, including Russia and China.

☐ Last week the U.S. launched a 265-lb., candy-striped medicine ball called Transit I-B, forerunner of a series of U.S. Navy satellites that by 1962 will provide more exact navigational guidance for ships and planes (see SCIENCE). And even the long-jinxed Air Force Discoverer program got off a perfect launching of Discoverer XI into polar orbit, though airmen once again failed to recover the data capsule that the satellite ejected.

Not since last October, when they launched the 4,037-lb. Lunik III, have the Soviets orbited a satellite. A fortnight ago Sputnik III tumbled back into Earth's atmosphere and burned up, so the box score on satellites still transmitting stood at U.S. six, U.S.S.R. zero. It was doubtful that, in the Kremlin, anybody was telling any new jokes about space.

ARMED FORCES

Push for Polaris

If the Soviets were unconcerned about U.S. space progress, they might well have been jolted on another front last week when the Polaris missile lifted out of the Pacific on its first successful launching from underwater.

The big (28 ft.) yellow-and-black bird was fired from a launching tube some 200 ft. below the surface off Southern California's San Clemente Island. At the press of a button in an island blockhouse, a blast of compressed air pushed the Polaris to the surface. As soon as it splashed out of the water and climbed to just 15 ft., a short charge of its solid fuel ignited in a brilliant plume of fire, sent it roaring straight up for another 1,785 ft.—the planned altitude of the limited test. Then the missile dipped back into the waves half a mile from the launch site.

Said the Navy of the 18-second test: "Successful in every respect." Next big step: a full-range, two-stage, 1,200-mile firing from the nuclear submarine *George Washington* in August—and then on to operational duty at sea, where the well-concealed, virtually invulnerable Polaris will add a new dimension to U.S. defenses.

Mongrel Makes Good

Air Force missilemen made a convincing display last week of a new missile that they have put together out of the parts and pieces of old projects. The mongrelized missile is aptly named Hound Dog. It has real bite. As the U.S.'s first effective plane-launched, jet-propelled air-to-ground missile, Hound Dog adds range and firepower to 1960's most potent operational weapon, the intercontinental B-52s of the Strategic Air Command.

To prove it, an eight-jet B-52G lifted off from Florida's Eglin Air Force Base last week with a 43-ft. Hound Dog slung



Associated Press
UNDERWATER MISSILE SHOT
New bird from the sea.

under each wing. Air Force Captain Jay L. McDonald, 36, piloted the bomber over Cincinnati, Lake Superior, Hudson Bay and to the North Pole; then he wheeled it back all the way to Florida and unleashed one of the Hound Dogs. Still fully operative after the rigors of a combat-type, 10,800-mile, 22-hour plane flight, the missile streaked off on a northern course at close to Mach 2 speed. Then it turned around as directed, headed south, made "dog leg" evasive turns of well over 90°, and landed on target more than 500 miles down the Atlantic firing range.

Hound Dog was developed in record time of 30 months. Back in August of 1957, SAC put in a hurry call for an air-launched missile. The order: get it ready by 1960. To meet the deadline, Air Force Research and Development people made a missile out of existing systems. They:

☐ Dusted off the old X-10 frame that North American Aviation had begun working on way back in 1946 for its air-breathing Navaho missile, since scrapped.

☐ Salvaged an inertial guidance system that North American had been working on since 1950 for a fighter plane (the system has yet to go into a fighter, but its kissing-cousin now guides Polaris subs).

☐ Picked up a Pratt & Whitney J-52 jet engine that had been under low-priority development for planes for two years, used it to power Hound Dog, which is like a pilotless bomber.

The mixed ancestry produced bright offspring. The Hound Dog, now operational, weighs less than 10,000 lbs., has a thrust of 7,500 lbs. The engines may even be used as secondary power sources to give an extra 15,000 lbs. of thrust to the B-52 on takeoff. The Hound Dogs do not interfere with the B-52's normal H-bomb load; each missile simply adds a one-megaton hydrogen punch and an extra reach that combine to make a single B-52 the mightiest weapon ever seen.



B-52 IN FLIGHT WITH HOUND DOGS
New bite for the bomber.

U.S. Air Force

Preseason Game

* Night before at a prededication banquet, Brown had made a major-league booboo by saying smilingly that he looked forward to an all-California World Series between the Giants and the Los Angeles Dodgers.

Hungry in Bed. Riding from stop to stop in a chartered bus with HERE COME HUMPHREY emblazoned on the front, Hubert Humphrey concentrated on the shabby little mining towns in the Fifth and Sixth districts, making what an aide calls his "F.D.R. speech," a ringing cry for a new deal. At Logan (pop. 5,000), Hum-

Anger in Unions. Since it seemed that Kennedy was thus being slowed down, there was talk that a movement to "stop" him was forming. Word spread in the press that United Mine Workers' ex-President John L. Lewis would never forgive Kennedy for his role in passing the 1959 Landrum-Griffin labor-reform bill (called Kennedy-Landrum-Griffin in the *UMW Journal*). And West Virginia's freshman U.S. Senator Robert C. Byrd, a strong Lyndon Johnson man, announced



openly: "If you are for Adlai Stevenson, Senator Stuart Symington, Senator Johnson or John Doe, this primary may be your last chance to stop Kennedy. I'm voting for Humphrey."

Kennedy also heard the talk and said: "If they want to stop me, why don't they come and run themselves?" Humphrey, happy to throw off his underdog role, chortled: "Poor little Jack. I wish he would grow up and stop acting like a boy. What does he want, all the votes?"

Postors in Politics. So far, there had been little talk of the candidates' religion, although much talk had been prophesied in view of the fact that West Virginia is 93% Protestant. The pastor of a United Brethren Church in Parkersburg told his flock that if Kennedy wins, "the Pope will be running the country," and the Rev. Norman Vincent Peale, stopping off in Charleston, doubted that a Catholic could remain independent. That was all, so far. And everyone remembered that in darkest 1928, Al Smith won West Virginia's Democratic primary (81,739-75,976) against Missouri's Protestant Senator James Reed.

DEMOCRATS

A Man Who Takes His Time

(See Cover)

Texas stirred with the promise of the season. The roosters greeted the dawn with an ovation, the newborn calves staggered after their mothers into greening pastures. The clear, swift-flowing Pedernales River sparkled under a benign sun, jack rabbits scampered across the country roads, and the bluebonnets spread their rich, bright cloak over the low hills. By midmorning at the L.B.J. Ranch, the winter-paled body of a weary man was slung in a canvas hammock, as the soothing strains of a Strauss waltz were wafted from a hi-fi speaker in a nearby live oak

tree. Overhead, at the top of a 60-ft. pole, three flags billowed in the breeze: the Stars and Stripes, the Lone Star of Texas, and a blue standard with five stars and the initials L.B.J., which informed the world that the proprietor was in residence.

Lyndon Baines Johnson, senior Senator from Texas, puissant majority leader of the U.S. Senate, and a leading Democratic aspirant for the U.S. presidency, was taking a well-deserved rest. He had safely escorted the second civil rights bill since Reconstruction (TIME, April 18) through 53 energy-sapping days of stormy debate, and the Senate—his Senate—was in recess for the Easter holidays. But Johnson yielded only his lanky body to the therapy of the sun; his restless mind was as busy as a hummingbird. From the sprawling old ranch house came the clatter of typewriter keys, as a pretty secretary tapped out a just-dictated letter; when Johnson called her through a handy squawk box, the secretary would return, her shorthand notebook and pencil at the ready. From time to time she handed Johnson a convenient extension telephone, with an urgent call from Washington or some other distant spot. Without a telephone at arm's reach, Senator Johnson is as wretched as a squirrel without a tree.

Steadfast Statesman. Above and beyond the clattering typewriters, the telephone calls and his other business-as-usual, there was one momentous personal problem running through Lyndon Johnson's calculating-machine brain. When he arrived in Texas, he told his closest friends and well-wishers that some time during his vacation he would make a final decision on the question of running for the presidency.

Most observers were under the impression that Johnson had made up his mind a year or more ago. He certainly acted like a candidate (a current Senate



A QUIP FOR HUMPHREY

joke: "Have you heard that Lyndon is writing his bills on stone tablets?"). He hadn't done much campaigning outside of Texas, to be sure, but the first order of business, according to the Johnson master plan, was to stick to his Senate job, building and improving his legislative record and displaying the public image of Lyndon Johnson, the steadfast statesman, while other candidates battled through the primaries. Later, he would campaign on that record and that image—or so the experts said. Meanwhile, the L.B.J. outriders traveled all over the country, feeling out delegates, talking to political leaders, studying the political weather for him. Six months ago a big Johnson-for-President headquarters had been established in a twelve-room suite in Austin by Speaker Sam Rayburn; its 14 employees and volunteer workers (including Elliott Roosevelt Jr., 23) were busy handing out campaign literature and Johnson lapel buttons (a brass cowboy hat embossed with L.B.J.).

Youngest Ringmaster. For all the Tex-as trappings and the legends of his vanity, Lyndon Johnson could offer his partisans an image that had a special, tested quality about it. In the Democratic campaign of 1960, which, unprecedentedly, is preempted by Senators (except for ex-Governor Adlai Stevenson), Johnson is the dean of the school of legislative experience. A Southerner by tradition, he has been a national figure in action; from the time he became ringmaster of the demoralized Democratic minorities at the age of 44 (the youngest in history), he has demonstrated a genuine talent for bringing together the far-flung factions of his party into a workable, effective legislative machine. During his regime, Democrats have increased their congressional majorities in each election since 1954, despite their drastic loss of the presidency in 1956.

Johnson, too, has a special claim on a reputation for national responsibility. He has served longer with a President of the opposite party than any majority leader



LYNDON BAINES JOHNSON ON CALL AT THE L.B.J. RANCH
With his mind as busy as a hummingbird.



Edward Clark—Left
AN EAR FOR SYMINGTON



James F. Covey
A PLACE FOR KENNEDY



John Minton
A JOKE WITH MISTER SAM

in history. Under less reasonable, less determined leadership, the Senate's record of achievement since 1954 might have been a veto-studded nightmare for the Republicans, a fiasco for the Democrats, a major setback for the nation. "There is room in America for partisanship," says Johnson in the theme of his campaign. "There is not room in America for division. The challenge of our times is to unite our nation."

Who Can Do It? Despite his evident assets and all the activity on his behalf, Johnson has not made a final, irrevocable commitment to run. For weeks he has been moody, uncommunicative. His old hail-fellow familiarity with the press, his eagerness to confide his triumphs of back-room bargaining and artful maneuvering, was gone. Part of it was Johnson's new, statesmanlike posture. But part was the anguish of debate and doubt in the Elsinore of his mind. The possibility of being defeated by Jack Kennedy, Stuart Symington or any other Democratic candidate at the July convention, or by Dick Nixon or any other Republican in the November election, makes him wince. Johnson has deliberately postponed the final decision, too, because he is convinced that once a Senator succumbs to presidential fever, he loses much of his stature and usefulness in the Senate (a case in point: Georgia's Richard Russell, Johnson's own political godfather in the Senate, who, since his unsuccessful try for the Democratic nomination in 1952, has never regained the eminence he once had as a Senate leader).

Another reason for Lyndon Johnson's doubts is a genuine humility and respect for the American presidency as seen close hand from the other end of Pennsylvania Avenue. Said a close friend of Johnson's recently: "He knows he's got a heart big enough to be President. He knows he's got guts enough to be President, but he wonders whether he has intelligence and ability enough to be President—and wonders if any man does. He's seen them all—those who have had it and those who are

trying for the job. To his mind none of them are big enough for the job." Johnson's awe for the highest office explains in large measure the cordial working relationship he has with President Eisenhower—reciprocated in Ike's judgment of him as the "best Democrat in the Senate."

Presidential Segregation. There are good and sufficient reasons to make Lyndon Johnson hesitate about running for President, much as he might covet the job. His health is a major consideration: in 1955 Johnson survived a more serious heart attack than the one that felled President Eisenhower two months later. But Ike is the living proof that a man can serve as President for years after a heart attack. In spite of his crushing work load, Johnson is in good health; his heart is completely healed, and he carries a plastic-enclosed cardiogram in his pocket to prove it.

The problem of geography is more serious. If, in the vicissitudes of politics, he should be nominated and elected this year, Lyndon Johnson would be the first Southerner to become President since Andrew Johnson (no kin) was inaugurated in 1865. And since Andrew Johnson, an excommunicated Tennessean, lost his credentials as a Southerner by remaining loyal to the Union during the Civil War, Lyndon Johnson would in fact be the first bona fide Southerner in the White House in 110 years, since the brief (16 months) administration of Louisiana's Zachary Taylor.* In his efforts to escape the presidential segregation of the Dixie-born Johnson has done everything short of moving the state of Texas to the Rocky Mountains (in February, for the second successive year, Johnson and his partisans tried and failed to get Texas admitted to the Democratic conference of Western states). In public, Johnson pooh-poohs the notion that a Southerner can't win. "Hell," he snorted recently, "Jack Garner was on a national ticket in 1936, and the

Democrats took 'em all except Maine and Vermont." But Franklin Roosevelt was on the top side of that ticket, and times were different. Texas is still Texas, and Johnson is still a son of the South, and even his civil rights bill is not likely to change the label on the L.B.J. package.

Impeccably Liberal. Along with his regional coloration is the legend, well cultivated by Northern liberals, that Johnson's Southern blood is laced with Bourbon conservatism. The legend is untrue and unfair, as a scrutiny of his voting record reveals. Johnson stands ideologically to the right of Kennedy, Symington and Hubert Humphrey—but it is the merest shade to the right. He has always upheld his oil-rich constituents, voting to give the tideslows to the states and steadfastly opposing any attempts to cut oil and natural gas depletion allowances—but no Texas politician in his right mind would do otherwise. In 1958, he opposed a school construction grant, and in 1959 he voted to continue expense account tax deductions. Aside from such minor transgressions, Johnson's votes follow an impeccably liberal legislative path.

- Among the milestones:
- ❑ **AGRICULTURE:** he has consistently opposed Ezra Benson's flexible price supports; upheld rigid high price supports;
- ❑ **WELFARE:** an unwavering demand for more liberal veterans pensions, increased public assistance, greater social security;
- ❑ **DOMESTIC AID:** Johnson voted for the Defense Education Act of 1958, actively opposed a cut in the federal scholarship fund the same year;
- ❑ **FOREIGN AID:** a perfect Democratic record of support, with an extra dividend for helping restore the cuts made in the House of Representatives;
- ❑ **DEFENSE:** down the Democratic liberal line for more and better;
- ❑ **SPACE:** a longstanding and conspicuously successful effort to needle the Administration into action.

The big union bosses' claim that Johnson is antilabor is not supported by his record; rather he refuses to let labor call

* Woodrow Wilson was born in Staunton, Va., but his lifelong loyalty was to New Jersey.

his shots. Nor is there any visible ground for the suspicions of Negro leaders—especially in the light of the civil rights bill. Personally, he is as anti-segregationist as any Yankee. Johnson's record, if anything, has become more liberal with the years. e.g., he opposed statehood for Alaska and Hawaii in 1954; later he was a vigorous supporter of it.

Among the Johnson credentials there is no foreign-service stripe. He has no firsthand experience in international relations as all of the other globe-trotting candidates, both Democratic and Republican, have. He has never talked chin to chin with Khrushchev in the Kremlin (but recalls the time last summer when President Eisenhower introduced him to Khrushchev and the Russian Premier replied: "I know all about him. I've read his speeches, and I don't like one of them"); he has not spread good will through India, or investigated Africa, or lingered very long on Washington's Embassy Row (fortnight ago he was too busy with his Senate affairs to accept an invitation to the White House dinner for Colombia's visiting President Alberto Lleras Camargo). Johnson's one sortie into full-scale foreign relations was a brief chat with Mexican President (then President-elect) Adolfo López Mateos in Acapulco in 1958.* His lack of firsthand experience in foreign relations is regarded as a serious flaw in the Johnson image. But Johnson holds that his Senate leadership requires him to know more about foreign affairs than any jawing globe-trotter.

Swiftly Upward. "When I was born," Johnson likes to say, "my grandpa said, 'There's a U.S. Senator.' My little playmates talked about that I guess. My desire was to become a Senator, not President." Grandfather saw Lyndon into the world in a frame house on the banks of the Pedernales not far from the present L.B.J. Ranch. Both grandfather and father had been aggressive men, one an Indian fighter, both members of the state legislature, and Lyndon grew up in the tall-in-the-saddle traditions of the Texas hill country. At Southwest Texas State Teachers College he was a Big Man on Campus, the star of the debating team.

When Richard Kleberg, one of the owners of the fabled King Ranch, ran successfully for Congress, young Lyndon helped out in the campaign, went on to Washington as his secretary. He began to move swiftly and surely upward. He married Claudia Alta ("Lady Bird") Taylor, the pretty heiress of a Texas rancher, after an intensive, ten-week courtship. In 1938 Johnson won a seat in Congress, running

* Last October Johnson returned the Mexican President's hospitality with a huge fiesta at the ranch, featuring a Mexican band, platters of \$2.50-per-lb. beef barbecue, hundreds of Mexican tricolors, 800 zoogle-eyed guests, and a sign, prominently displayed on a tree: LYNDON JOHNSON MEET PRESIDENT. Johnson and López Mateos made an entrance worthy of Annie Mame in a helicopter, followed by Harry Truman and Mister Sam in another, smaller biplane. It was, according to a Dallas reporter, "one of the most dramatic outdoor shows since they produced *Aida* with live elephants."

on an all-out New Deal ticket (not a very popular stand in 1938) against nine more conservative opponents. Franklin Roosevelt, who was cruising in the Gulf at the time, invited the daring young man aboard the presidential yacht, liked his looks, and invited him to ride through Texas on the presidential train. It was the beginning of a fruitful friendship, and Johnson's political pace quickened. After ten years of grooming in the lower House (including seven months' duty as a World War II naval officer in the South Pacific), he was ready for the Senate, waged a threshing-machine campaign throughout Texas, and won by a suspicious 87-vote plurality out of a million ballots cast. He quickly impressed his elders with his finesse at getting things done, was minority leader before the end of his freshman term, and majority leader before his second term was well begun.

Princely Shades. When he steps into the Senate chamber, Lyndon Johnson walks with the assurance of a Bavarian



Doris Jacoby—Dallas News
LADY BIRD JOHNSON & L.B.J. FAN*
Like *Aida* with live elephants.

landgrave stepping into his castle. Sitting slumped in his aisle seat, he can sense everything that is going on behind him without turning around. He is addicted to expensive suits, monogrammed silk shirts and solid-gold accessories, and at 51 he comes within a nose of being handsome. Johnson has redecorated the off-chamber office of the majority leader in princely shades of green and gold, and installed a lighting system that includes two overhead lamps that focus an impressive nimbus of golden light on his greying hair as he sits at his desk. In the Senate, Johnson is lord of all he surveys, and he knows it.

Johnson has worked and suffered to achieve his domination over the Senate. After the Democrats won their big majority in 1958, he launched the 86th Con-

gress with his own state of the Union message and a resounding promise to lead the country out of an Eisenhower vacuum. But he soon found that budget-conscious Ike had the moderate-minded U.S. behind him, and beat a dignified retreat. When Democratic National Chairman Paul Butler castigated Johnson for being too cautious and conservative, the Senate Democrats rose up, almost to a man, to defend Johnson, and gave Butler the retort proper: mind your own business. As a good legislator, Johnson believes in taking a fatherly interest in the political and personal welfare of every one of his Democratic colleagues. If a fellow Senator is sick, Johnson demands a daily report—three or more a day, if the illness is serious. He rolls out the welcome wagon for every freshman Senator, works hard to maneuver the most promising men into the most advantageous committee assignments. No local bridge-building bill is too far from Texas or too petty for his full attention, if it will help a colleague's progress toward re-election (Johnson's work in pushing through the Hells Canyon project won him the devotion and friendship of Oregon's late, ultra-liberal Richard Neuberger for the rest of his life). All Johnson asks in return is undeviating loyalty to L.B.J., his leadership and his program. And if a Senator is so ungrateful or independent as to stray from the fold, a saddened Lyndon Johnson pursues him even more relentlessly.

Through the years Johnson has gathered a formidable array of loyalists around him—such divergent Senators as Georgia's rigidly conservative Dick Russell and Montana's liberal Mike Mansfield are outspoken in their admiration. Says Mansfield: "The Senate is the cockpit, so to speak. From here comes our next President. And who is the leader of the Senate?" Johnson has just two consistent Senate critics—Pennsylvania's Clark and Illinois' Douglas—and one consistent problem child—Oregon's Wayne Morse.

"I'm Flattered." Johnson is a backslapper, a shoulder hugger, a knee squeezer. "I like to press the flesh," he says, "and look a man in the eye." He is also a necktie fixer (he once lined up all the men in his office staff, carefully straightened their ties, and then demonstrated his own artistic method of knotting a necktie once and for all the first time he puts it on, carefully loosening it at night and slipping it over his head still perfectly knotted). These small attentions are disconcerting to some, but they are nonetheless genuine and sincere—and never more so than when Johnson is trying to win over an enemy. "I'm flattered," says Attorney Franklin Jones of Marshall, Texas, a constant critic. "And I'm not about to destroy it all by supporting him."

In their combined 68 years in Congress, Johnson and his staunch old ally, Speaker Sam Rayburn, have racked up a thousand political debts. The IOUs are vividly charted on a large wall map of the U.S. in the Austin headquarters of Larry Jones, a former Texas assistant attorney general, who quit his job three months ago to pro-

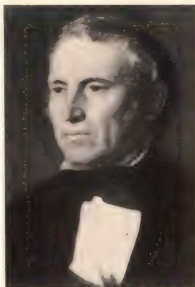
* In official L.B.J. ladies' uniform.

pare the Johnson-for-President campaign. The map is covered with red pins in every state and cranny of the nation—each one representing a politician or politicians who can be mustered to the Johnson colors when the trumpet blows.

Colleagues & Artifacts. Some Johnson admirers in the Senate are already working for their candidate without the benefit of a formal announcement of his availability. Bob Byrd was yodeling for Johnson and against Kennedy through his West Virginia mountains last week. "For two years I've been talking, Lyndon up out in my state," says Nevada's Alan Bible. "He'd be a honey of a President," glows Wyoming's Gale McGee. Washington's Warren Magnuson furloughed his able administrative assistant, Irvin Hoff, for a brief forward observer's mission through the Rocky Mountain and Pacific Coast states to seek out the delegates and discover the arcane pockets of potential Johnson strength. Nor are the Johnson enthusiasts restricted to the Senate: two of his closest Washington advisers and firmest supporters are artifacts of the Roosevelt and Truman administrations, Dean Acheson and Ben Cohen. "Of all those giant killers running for the presidency," says another Fair Dealer-Wheeler, "Lyndon is the only one who has killed a giant."

Invading New York last January, Johnson got a tender kiss from Anna Rosenberg, onetime Assistant Defense Secretary in the Truman Administration, and a compliment from a Roman Catholic priest: "Now there's a man I like," Philip Graham, president and publisher of the *Washington Post*, agrees. "There isn't a single reason why Lyndon Johnson should be President of the United States," he says, "except that he's the best man." Not the least of Johnson's admirers is his wife, Lady Bird, who recently finished a cram course in public speaking and is effectively demonstrating the results at a series of ladies' gatherings in Texas (most recently at a Dallas *Kaffeekeitsch* featuring the "L.B.J. uniform," a \$27.80, three-piece, red-white-and-blue dress, topped off with a white sailor hat with Lyndon B. Johnson stitched around the band).

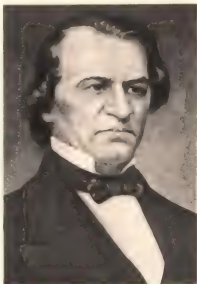
Click & Sizzle. If Johnson makes the inner commitment, decides to wage total war for the nomination, his campaign will enter the second stage of a carefully plotted, three-phased plan of action. The first phase was completed last fall, when Lyndon stumped through Texas from the Panhandle to Corpus Christi, organizing L.B.J. clubs in every county, snuffing out his guttering opposition, trussing up Texas like a bulldozed steer at branding time. It was a razzle-dazzle, Texas-style shivaree from beginning to end. At one climactic barbecue at the ranch of Pat Rutherford, an oil-cattle millionaire, 1,000 guests came from all over Texas, by Cadillac and Chevrolet and private plane (there was a separate chow line for the pilots) to see and hear L.B.J. "I have a rich friend in Fort Worth," reported Rutherford. "He flew down in a single-engine, came down low over the runway and saw 62 twin-



The Poch Collection
PRESIDENT TAYLOR
A Southerner can win.

engine planes. Hell, he went over to Austin and came back in a cab." When it was all over, the clink of campaign money was clearly audible, and Texas was branded with a sizzling L.B.J.

Exploratory preparations for Phase 2 have already been completed. A latent national organization is ready to spring to life at the word go, the Johnson weather forecasts have been charted in all parts of the nation (balmy in the South, spotty with some signs of clearing in the West, rainy in the Midwest, freezing in the East). If and when Johnson gives the word, the campaign will proceed—but in low gear. Professional TV and public relations experts will be hired, campaign literature stockpiled, and random delegates nailed



Culver
PRESIDENT JOHNSON
A Southerner can lose.

down, potential second-ballot delegates scouted. The backrooms will buzz, and Johnson will do as much traveling as the Senate calendar permits. Such local engagements as Bob Byrd's campaign in West Virginia will be openly encouraged; the IOUs in Kentucky and Oklahoma will be called in. But it will be a low-pressure, cat's-paw campaign until convention time. "We don't want to go into the convention with the most strength," says Larry Jones. "We want it just as it is, with Kennedy first, so he can get out of the way."

Cudgelled Jackass. In his inner coat pocket, repository of many a national secret, Lyndon Johnson now carries 1) a poll that shows he could beat Dick Nixon for the presidency even if he lost the big Eastern bloc of states, and 2) a tabulation of his present delegate strength, which Johnson estimates at 550 votes. This optimistic figure is based on a nucleus of 310 votes from Texas and the South (the largest sure thing any candidate can yet claim), an additional 110 from the border states* and another 100 or so from scattered admirers in the West and Midwest. Despite the bitter, anguished reaction to the civil rights bill, the South is still solid for Lyndon, and his only real source of strength, because he is still the Southernmost candidate. Says an eminent Georgian: "It will smooth over. Lyndon Johnson is the only one of all the candidates I can support." Adds a Kentucky legislator: "Things have come to a hell of a pass if we can't cudgel our own jackass."

Like all the other Kennedy competitors, the Johnson strategists figure that Kennedy will fall on the lances of the old professional bosses at the Los Angeles convention—if he hasn't already lost the race in West Virginia. If Kennedy falters, Johnson is prepared to make an end run at the convention (Candidates Symington and Humphrey don't even figure in the calculations). Again, like the other hopefuls, he has a potent candidate for Vice President: Jack Kennedy. "I can see it now," says an aide. "He'll be standing there in the hotel room after the nomination, and he'll say, 'We want that boy for Vice President. Go get him for me!'" Is Johnson likely to run as Vice President on anyone else's ticket? Not a chance, says a Johnson staffer. "Can you imagine Lyndon sitting there watching someone else trying to run his Senate?" And if Johnson failed, where would his Southern power go? Johnson personally is fond of Humphrey and somewhat less than impressed by Symington. But conceivably, if the Kennedy-Humphrey-Stevenson liberals are arrayed against Johnson, the Southern votes might well go to Missouri's Symington—in fact, in their Midwest sales pitch Johnson forces are snuggling close to Symington people. Should Johnson find the nomination safely tucked in his inner coat pocket, he would swing into the full momentum of Phase 3, a hell-

* Last week Tennessee named its 33-vote Democratic delegation, headed by Governor Buford Ellington, a close friend of Johnson's. Technically uncommitted, Tennessee is actually pledged to L.B.J. all the way.

for-leather national campaign against Nixon (whom he personally admires)—the kind of campaign that makes the Eyes of Texans gleam.

Parliamentarian's Approach. Lyndon Johnson is a smart, shrewd, complex man; he has the capacity and the desire to be President. But he is a superb strategist, too, and he would never risk his cherished Senate leadership on a quixotic adventure—even with Jack Kennedy as his Sancho Panza. He is a man who takes his time, counts the votes, sticks to the possible, makes no move unless he is reasonably certain of success. "Lyndon is using the parliamentarian's approach," said one anxious friend last week. "He waits around for the precise moment and then moves by a set of rules he knows. But in the national game you don't wait, and you don't have any set of rules." Clint Anderson was more confident: "I know that he doesn't move until he has the votes. He has this great skill of putting votes together. I don't know why he can't do it on a national scale. He'll find a way."

Stevenson Comes Ashore

*Absence not long enough to root out quite
All love, increases love at second sight.
—Thomas May, Henry II*

Back from a nine-week swing through South America came a thinner, tanner, more relaxed Adlai Stevenson last week, and seldom have loyal troops given a more resounding cheer to a general splashing ashore. Enthusiastic correspondents dogged his footsteps. Columnist Marquis Childs hailed him as a "brilliant, complex, resilient individual" torn "between dread and desire." Prestigious Pundit Walter Lippmann urged Candidate Jack Kennedy to solve the problem posed by his Roman Catholicism by accepting second place on a Stevenson-Kennedy ticket. Across the U.S., the scattered but sizable and zealous band of supporters who had given up Stevenson for lost suddenly began finding reasons why he could be found again—in the White House.

Split in the Party. What had changed? Not Stevenson. He was still disclaiming any real desire for the nomination, and many thought that his hopes were now centered on becoming Secretary of State. But the situation had changed. After Wisconsin, the stormy issue of religion threatened to shake the Democratic boat (TIME, April 18), sink the two presidential aspirants whom Stevenson supporters might find acceptable—Massachusetts' Kennedy and Minnesota's Hubert Humphrey—and buoy up those whom they like least, Texas' Lyndon Johnson and Missouri's Stuart Symington. And Stevenson, who long ago had planned to be away during the Wisconsin battle, was unscarred and obviously available.

"I neither seek the nomination nor hope for it nor expect it," said he at a jam-packed, hour-long homecoming press conference in Manhattan. Would he accept a draft? Cracked Stevenson: "If I seemed to reject it, I'd be a draft evader."

Thorns in the Ivy. At midweek, in the shadow of Thomas Jefferson at the ivy-crowned University of Virginia's decidedly nonpartisan Founder's Day, Stevenson launched a thoroughly partisan attack on the President. (Such is his prestige in academic circles that he is probably the only politician who would try and not be condemned for such daring.) In his text, sent ahead by special delivery to Washington correspondents, Stevenson also made three barbed references to his prime personal and political foe, Richard Nixon. But at the last moment he edited out Nixon's name, referred to him instead as "the Vice President." He also cut such tough lines as "Our leadership has been hesitant and half-



Associated Press
STEVENSON & VIRGINIA HUSTON
Torn between dread and desire.

hearted," and "Our leaders talk of freedom and embrace dictators."

But he left in plenty. "The people have a right to know," said he in the passage that drew the loudest applause from the capacity audience of 3,300. "why we have lost our unquestioned military superiority; why we have repeatedly allowed the Soviets to seize the diplomatic initiative; why we have faltered in the fight for disarmament; why we are not providing our children with education . . . why we spend billions of dollars storing surplus food when one-third of humanity goes to bed hungry . . . why millions of Americans lead blighted lives on our spreading urban slums."

Holes in the Road. Stevenson plans to continue his speechmaking at selected forums. This week in Washington, he will go before the American Society of Newspaper Editors on a three-man panel to diagnose "the role of the opposition" (co-panelists: British Labor Party Chief Hugh Gaitskell, Canada's ex-Secretary of State for External Affairs Lester Pearson).

* Charlottesville Mayor Thomas Michie.

At week's end he will *Meet the Press*.

The turning point—and Stevenson's major decision—hinges on the West Virginia primary May 10. If Jack Kennedy sweeps the state, some of Stevenson's closest advisers will urge him to endorse Kennedy. They argue that support from Stevenson might be enough to put Kennedy well ahead of the pack, soften the feud over religion. Then, if Kennedy should falter at the convention, Stevenson could not be blamed as a holdout, and Kennedy, in turn, might throw his votes to Stevenson.

On the other hand, if Kennedy loses West Virginia, Stevenson's chances would dwindle. But so would those of the other hopefuls. Stevenson well knows the odds would be against him. Gone are some of his biggest assets and best supporters of yesterday. He has no functioning organization. He has no support among labor chiefs, scant support among organization Democrats. In his home state of Illinois, Chicago's Mayor Richard Daley, state Democratic boss, opposes him because he carried the state ticket to defeat in 1956. And Harry Truman, for whatever it is worth, snorted in Manhattan last week that it would be "difficult" for Stevenson to be "offered again."

But hardheaded calculations do not necessarily apply to Stevenson.

OKLAHOMA

Help Wanted

As citizens of heavily Democratic Oklahoma City (pop. 305,000) scanned the *Daily Oklahoman's* folksy "Good Morning" column last week, they found hard-pressed Republicans stealing a march amid the miscellany:

WANTED: Good Americans, patriotic, dedicated to the American way of life. Willing to serve your community as a Republican candidate for elective office. Bill Robins. Victor 3-1369.

Faced with a filing deadline this week for county attorney, state senator and seven legislative seats, Bill Robins, 52, chairman of the Republican candidates committee for Oklahoma County, had no candidates. That was hardly unusual. Heavily outnumbered (by an estimated 5 to 1) Oklahoma City Republicans usually save what strength they can muster for statewide elections. But Investment Salesman Robins put his faith in the power of advertising, paid for the *Oklahoman* ad (\$50.40) out of his own pocket. At week's end, he was elated. Seven "patriots" had called, were weighing an uphill race for party and community.

* At week's end Truman added Jack Kennedy to his unit list, said, "The Republican newspapers" want to nominate Kennedy or Stevenson, "but our party is going to nominate someone who can win." Other Truman political pronouncements: "This draft business is hokey. There never was a man drafted for President in the history of the country. A draft is created by the fellow who wants it and is willing to fight for it." On primaries: "I hope that people have had a jolly full of these primaries. They are outrageously expensive and exhausting."

MICHIGAN

Grosse Pointe's Gross Points

Detroit's oldest and richest suburban area is the five-community section east of the city collectively called Grosse Pointe (pop. 50,000). Set back from the winding, tree-shaded streets are fine, solid colonial or brick mansions, occupied by some of Detroit's oldest (pre-automobile age) upper class, and by others who made the grade in business and professional life. Grosse Pointe is representative of dozens of wealthy residential areas in the U.S. where privacy, unhurried tranquillity, and unsullied property values are respected. But last week, Grosse Pointe was in the throes of a rude, untrunquil exposé of its methods of maintaining tranquillity.

Sworthy? The trouble burst with the public revelation, during a court squabble between one property owner and his neighbors, that the Grosse Pointe Property Owners Association (973 families) and local real estate brokers had set up a rigid system for screening families who want to buy or build homes in Grosse Pointe. Unlike similar communities, where neighborhood solidarity is based on an unwritten gentleman's agreement, Grosse Pointe's screening system is based on a written questionnaire, filled out by a private investigator on behalf of Grosse Pointe's "owner-vigilantes."

The three-page questionnaire, scaled on the basis of "points" (highest score: 100), grades would-be home owners on such qualities as descent, way of life (American?), occupation (Typical of his own race?), swarthiness (Very? Medium? Slightly? Not at all?), accent (Pronounced? Medium? Slight? None?), name (Typically American?), repute, education, dress (Neat or slovenly? Conservative or flashy?), status of occupation (sufficient eminence may offset poor grades in other respects). Religion is not scored, but weighed in the balance by a three-man Grosse Pointe screening committee. All prospects are handicapped on an ethnic and racial basis: Jews, for example, must score a minimum of 85 points. Italians 75, Greeks 65, Poles 55; Negroes and Orientals do not count.

Einstein? The questionnaire and score-board, says Grosse Pointe Realtor Paul Maxon, "have been very successful, have kept property values up, and are approved by at least 95% of the people out here." The whole idea of the system is to keep out people who tend toward "cliqueishness," "Old World customs," and "clannishness," e.g., "an Italian fruit vendor." Furthermore, real estate men point out that Grosse Pointe has a number of Polish, Greek and Southern European people scattered throughout the suburbs. Says Realtor Maxon: "I am sure Albert Einstein would have been accepted here."

What makes neighboring Detroiters smile about the carefully protected Grosse Pointe exclusivity is that the area's permanent, well-established residents somehow include such noted Detroit gangsters as Mathew Rubino (20 arrests), Peter Licavoli (24), and John Priziola (17).

ALASKA

First Year on the Susitna

50° above today. Heard a robin for sure this morning. Clear, sunny, fleecy clouds. Planted head lettuce, cucumbers, honeydew melons in flats and tins. Assters pushing up from the soil. Washed today. What a lot of snow-melting it takes.

—Bertha Donaldson's Diary

The days of dazzling brightness were coming at last. From the Susitna River valley, 100 miles north of Anchorage, the settlers could see breathtaking Mount McKinley and the whole Alaska range. Moose tracks appeared in the slushy tops of the frozen lakes, and there were beaver



William Smith

MARINO SIK & FAMILY

Where they have something of their own.

tracks and the tracks of the beaver trappers. Running water broke through the melting surface of the wide, twisting Susitna, and vehicular traffic was warned to keep off. The yawns of spring were cracking the frozen vastnesses of Alaska.

To a few people in the Susitna valley, the last whines of winter had special meaning: it was just a year since 37 pioneers from Michigan—the well-publicized "Fifty-Niners"—arrived in the pioneer country to hack out a new life for themselves (Time, May 11). Some of their number have gone home discouraged; others have moved to the cities; a few staked out homesteads in other valleys. Along the Susitna remained only 13 undismayed pioneers and their children.

Hi-Fi and On Outhouse. Jerry Donaldson, 47, a onetime Detroit bus driver, and his hardy wife Bertha, built a comfortable (28 ft. by 32 ft.) cabin, fought off hordes of shrews,* are working on a greenhouse.

* Long-nouted, mouse-like mammals. One way to get rid of them: bait a bottle with meat, sink it in the ground. The first shrew will eat the meat, the second shrew will eat the first, the third the second, etc., until the bottle is filled with one very fat shrew. If that doesn't work, get a cat.

have a hi-fi and TV set ready for use as soon as they can get a generator, and plan soon to build an outhouse. "When we first arrived here," says Bertha Donaldson, "there was just a patch of sunlight along the road. I asked myself, 'Do I really want to do this?' It took a while to adjust. If you don't go through that, you never make it. One thing we're never going to do is owe a cent. We'll go without first. We'll never go back to that way of life again."

Marino Sik, 33, used to be a repairman for a Detroit gas company, has a wife, Carol, and a 20-month-old daughter, has built a three-sided log lean-to that fits snugly against his house trailer. A small generator powers his lights, a washing machine and hair clippers. Short of money

last month, Sik worked off some of his winter's food bill by sled-hauling drums of gasoline (at \$7.50 apiece) across the river, hopes to save enough money to get ten acres of land bulldozed by year's end (Alaska's homesteading laws require clearance of ten acres by the end of the second year, 20 by the end of the third). "I'd never go back," says Carol Sik, 23. "I don't see anything there worthwhile like I do here. Nothing belonged to us. Here it may take us 30 years to build this all up. But it will amount to something."

Quarrels & Quitters. It is no secret to some oldtimers who inhabit the valley that many of the Fifty-Niners do not get along; there have been quarrels over sharing workloads and group property. A few weeks ago Marino Sik posted his land with no-trespassing signs. Still, the Ray Kulas, the Nick Rubinos, the Donaldsons and the Siks, and a few others are determined to stick it out.

Says Farmer-Trapper "Shorty" Bradley, 59, who came to Alaska in 1921 and has made an avocation of watching the fifty-niners: "One man can come here broke and make a go of it, and another with \$50,000 may have to hightail it off. It depends on the man."

FOREIGN NEWS

GREAT BRITAIN

Scrapping the Missiles

As he stood before the House of Commons last week, Defense Minister Harold Watkinson wore the pained expression of a man treading on nettles. "In the light of our military advice," intoned Watkinson, "we have concluded . . . that we ought not to continue to develop, as a military weapon, a missile that can be launched only from a fixed site." After six years of work and an expenditure of \$280 million, Britain was scrapping its most ambitious military rocket, the 2,500-mile Blue Streak IRBM. The big rocket might be salvaged as a satellite launcher in the space sweepstakes, said Watkinson. But for delivery of its future nuclear punch, Great Britain will rely on U.S. missiles, probably the Navy's Polaris and the Air Force's air-launched Skybolt rocket.

In Pawn? The explosion in Commons could hardly have been louder. From the Labor benches came angry howls of "Resign . . . resign." Opposition Leader Hugh Gaitskell, whose Laborites have long insisted that Blue Streak should not have been undertaken in the first place, was on his feet demanding an immediate investigation; when he was refused, he promised to force a vote of censure after the Easter recess. Tory backbenchers were shocked. It was, said Conservative F. W. Farey-Jones, a "calamitous" move, and one that would put Britain's proud science "in pawn to the U.S. for the next 25 to 50 years."

The Blue Streak project was born in pride and developed in obstinacy. Launched six years ago on the notion that whatever the U.S. could do, Britain could do better. Blue Streak was intended to



maintain Britain's status as a fully accredited great power alongside Russia and the U.S., at the very least to impress lesser nations. But last week Harold Macmillan's government had to face the cold fact that Britain could not afford such empty displays of national pride. To put Blue Streak on the pads, fully operational and in real numbers, would cost something like \$1.5 billion over the next five years. And by then, Blue Streak will be a sitting duck for Russian marksmen.

Schedules & Warheads. Designed around cumbersome liquid-fueled engines, Blue Streak can only be shot from com-

plex fixed bases. As evidenced by this winter's 7,700-mile Pacific shoot, Russian rockets have proved accurate enough to knock them all out with a single barrage. What Britain needs is a highly mobile missile force that can retaliate from submarines or surface ships, railroad flatcars or truck trailers. And that is precisely what the U.S., but not Britain, can develop in time. The solid-fueled Polaris is well ahead of schedule, will be ready by 1961. Skybolt will take longer, is scheduled for 1965. But when it comes into the army, any standard subsonic jet bomber, either British or U.S., becomes a 600-m.p.h. missile platform launching nuclear rockets at targets 1,000 miles away.

At Camp David, Prime Minister Harold Macmillan won U.S. assurances that Britain (and possibly other NATO nations) would get the new missiles. Faced with new demands to cut back military spending, he decided to take the jump. Though Britain will get the missiles from the U.S., the British will make their own nuclear warheads for the nose cones. Thus Britain will have complete control of any ship-launched Polaris, or Skybolt slung in the bay of an R.A.F. jet bomber—unlike the Britain-based Thor missiles, whose U.S. warheads can only be triggered with American approval.

Britain's government was not abandoning the centuries-old concept of independent striking power. But it was hard for Britain to admit that from now on, it will wear a Made-in-U.S. label.

The Price of Aloofness

Reluctantly but realistically, Britain is beginning to accept the fact that the six-nation European Common Market is here to stay, and that Britain will have to live with it.

For over two years, British hostility to the Common Market has troubled relations between the NATO nations. That hostility has sometimes been less than candid. The British argued that by erecting a unified tariff wall against outside nations, the Common Market Six would throw a spanner into intra-European trade. What they really meant was that Britain's exports to the Six would be hurt. Even when they formalized the economic division of Western Europe by organizing the rival but looser seven-nation European Free Trade Association, Britain's leaders insisted that all they were trying to do was "build a bridge" between the Common Market and the rest of Europe.

If the British felt threatened by the Common Market, they had themselves largely to blame. Though Britain was invited to take part in the 1955 Messina conference that drew up plans for the Common Market, the British government did not even bother to send a minister—apparently in the happy conviction that the Common Market would never get started. When it became clear that the Common Market could work, charged the



AFTER THE BALL WAS OVER . . .

Vicky—London Evening Standard

Common Market. Britain deliberately set out to destroy or dilute it.

A Time for Realism. Because the Common Market will certainly be dominated by West Germany, the rivalry between Britain and the Six helped to fuel the resurgence of anti-German feeling (TIME, April 20, 1959 *et seq.*) amongst ordinary Britons—though not in the British government. So bitter was the deepening conflict between the Six and the Seven that some good Europeans like NATO Secretary-General (and Common Market Treaty Negotiator) Paul-Henri Spaak began to fear that it would induce a political split which could turn NATO into an empty shell.

But last week there were signs that Britain was having second thoughts. British economists pointed to a U.N. report that showed that increased trade between the Common Market nations accounted for 60% of the total rise in trade amongst European nations last year. From British officialdom came frank admissions that Britain had sorely misjudged Europe's political eagerness for unity, and the U.S.'s consistent effort to provide aid and comfort to that drive.

More and more editorial voices urged that Britain should forthwith seek membership in the Common Market, arguing in effect, "If you can't lick 'em, join 'em." British businessmen, skeptical of the government's dreams of a compromise bridge between the Six and the Seven, are making a separate peace by opening factories within the Common Market or linking up with Common Market firms.

The Pursuit of Wisdom. So far, there was no visible evidence that the Macmillan government was ready to abandon its insistence that Britain's preferential tariff agreements with the other Commonwealth nations ruled out Common Market mem-

bership. Many other Britons balked at the idea of yielding some part of Britain's economic sovereignty to the decision of the six other nations. In the House of Commons last week, a government spokesman insisted: "We really must keep a sense of proportion . . . the government has to consider if it would be wise to surrender Britain's worldwide commercial policy to decisions of the European group."

But for all the government's obstinacy, the murmurs, doubts and nudges had produced a national debate over the risk that continued aloofness from Europe's drive toward economic union might one day reduce Britain to little more than Europe's offshore island.

Hardly Regal

Like a poised and polished hostess trying to overlook a glaring social error, Buckingham Palace last week sought to restore glamour to Princess Margaret's wedding. Glossing over the uproar caused by the abrupt switch in the best man for Fiancé Antony Armstrong-Jones, the government revealed lavish decoration plans for the wedding day. In honor of Princess Margaret Rose's second name, nearly a million fresh roses are to be strung on 60-ft. arches between the palace and Clarence House, the London home of the princess. From tall masts in Parliament Square will dangle metal baskets filled with pink hydrangeas and yellow marguerites; gold-tasseled banners, bearing the monograms M and A, are to flutter from 70 flagpoles along a route lined by ramrod-straight guardsmen. The estimated cost: \$50,000, or five times as much as was spent on the Queen's wedding to Prince Philip in the austerity year of 1947.

Snubs & Slaps. The British press rallied around. There were renewed suggestions that Tony be given a title (one newsman suggested he be made Duke of Sussex) and elevated to the peerage before the wedding. In the face of more royal regrets (from the crowned heads of Belgium and The Netherlands, and from Don Juan, pretender to the Spanish throne), commentators pointed out that the snubs were probably not directed at Meg and Tony personally, but were retaliatory slaps at the snobbery of Queen Elizabeth, who has failed to attend, or to send a representative to, many of the weddings and funerals of continental royalty. In Germany, the Hamburg *Die Welt* ran a cartoon showing a king on the phone to Britain, saying, "But in case we should need asylum again, we'd be glad to come."

But the jinx that has haunted the wedding was not to be downed. Despite the palace's best efforts, the image of Margaret that dominated Britain's front pages last week was a preview of a gaunt-cheeked bronze by the late Sir Jacob Epstein. "Hardly regal," grumbled the *Daily Telegraph* of the scrawny figure. "The princess resembles a badly groomed suburban young woman, her hands roughened at the kitchen sink, about to pick up a tray," wrote the *Daily Mail*. Then Madame Tussaud's put on view a waxworks



Camera Press—Fix

EPSTEIN'S MARGARET
Hands roughened.

figure of Tony Armstrong-Jones in a hands-behind-the-back posture that he had borrowed from Prince Philip—who no longer uses it. On top of that, the Royal Academy rejected a portrait by Artist Ruskin Spear called *Princess Margaret Catches the Night Train to Balmoral*, which was described as a somewhat "satirical caricature."

Gossip Angle. Even Margaret's well-intentioned gestures about the wedding had ironic overtones. Because half of the 2,000 invited guests in Westminster Abbey will be screened off from the altar, Meg has ordered closed-circuit TV sets installed in the Abbey for the first time to relay the proceedings at the altar. Traditionalists were shocked. And when she directed that the Beatitudes from the Sermon on the Mount should be substituted for the customary address by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the gossipists quickly found an angle: Princess Margaret was slyly getting back at her critics, since the Ninth Beatitude goes: "Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake."

ALGERIA

Partition or Else

Intent on making lively the arrival of France's Premier Michel Debré in Algeria, six men sat around a table in an Algerian village tinkering with the timing device of a bomb. The bomb exploded and the six were blown to bits.

The situation in Algeria was not that explosive but nearly as uncertain. Debré came to sound out the political climate before next month's cantonal elections, in which De Gaulle hopes to see loyal Moslems elected who can discuss the promised "self-determination" referendum on Algeria's future. But before he returned to Paris, Debré took to the radio to



TUSSAUD'S TONY & MARGARET
Hands back.

make bluntly clear what has long been implied in De Gaulle's much-mooted plans for Algeria.

The referendum will offer three alternatives: integration with France, autonomous association with France (which De Gaulle hopes for), or total independence. Asked Debré: "In the incredible, disastrous hypothesis that a majority in Algeria determines for secession, what happens?" He answered himself: "There is not and there will not be abandonment. One cannot remove, one does not remove from those Algerians who want to live freely as French... either the possibility of French life or the quality of being French citizens. The truth is, secession really means partition. The most sacred principles do not permit it to be otherwise."

In effect, Debré was attempting to assure Algeria's Europeans and the loyal Moslems who side with them that they would not be left at the mercy of the F.L.N. if they voted to remain with France and lost. To Moslems who might vote for outright independence, it was a warning that their victory would not give them the whole cake; the oil regions and rich farm areas would in all likelihood stay in French hands, leaving the apostles of independence only the Moslem-dominated areas, which are mostly desert, mountains, and arid land.

In Tunisia 10,000 Algerian *fellaghas* have been training for months in full view of the French army across the border. Come spring, the French fear, the *fellaghas* will be moving across the border with the express intent of disrupting the elections. Last week the F.L.N. announced that it would begin accepting "foreign volunteers." The Red Chinese have a standing offer to supply the Algerian rebels with "technicians" and money; but in actuality, it is unlikely that the F.L.N. expects to accept more than token contributions. More likely, the rebels, who have apparently given up hope of extracting concessions from De Gaulle, are hoping that the "volunteer" issue can "internationalize" the Algerian rebellion and force other nations to deal with the F.L.N. as a genuine government.

FRANCE

Le Crime Américain

When it comes to crime, Frenchmen take a back seat to no one—except in kidnapping, which French criminals apparently rate a U.S. specialty. The French do not even have a name for it, use the U.S. word, pronounced *kidnaping*. But last week *le crime américain* was on every Parisian tongue. Little Eric Peugeot, an heir to one of France's greatest industrial (autos, appliances, heavy machinery) fortunes, was stolen in broad daylight and held for \$100,000 ransom.

"A Nice Man." As cops got the story, Eric and his older brother, Jean-Philippe, 7, were on an outing to Paris' exclusive Saint-Cloud Golf Club with Grandfather Jean-Pierre Peugeot, 63, titular head of the \$40 million empire. While *Grandpère*

played golf, the children were in the care of a nursemaid at the club playground. The maid felt chilly, went back to the car for a wrap and a chat with the Peugeot chauffeur. Ten minutes later, the nurse noticed that Eric was missing. A "nice man" had appeared, whispered "Come" to Eric, and led him away, said Brother Jean-Philippe. Other witnesses saw the kidnaper take Eric through a garden to an alley where an accomplice waited, appropriately enough, in a black Peugeot 403 sedan. A ransom note was found beside the sand pile, addressed to Eric's father, Roland Peugeot, 34, who is general manager of the auto company: "You are a member of the filthy rich. You must



ERIC PEUGEOT (RIGHT) & FAMILY
"Paris-Press" gave the recipe.

cough up 50 million francs if you ever want to see the kid alive again."

For the next two days, while the police shuffled their feet in the background, the family negotiated with Eric's kidnappers. Another letter arrived: there were at least two husky-voiced phone calls with additional instructions. France's press was beside itself (announced Paris' tabloid *Paris-Jour*: "See pages 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 14, 15"). Roland Peugeot went on TV to plead tearfully for his son's return: "Everyone who has children and loves them will understand me. I have not brought charges and have asked that the kidnappers not be trailed."

"A Personal Agreement." Some 55 hours after the kidnapping, a passer-by found Eric abandoned at 12:55 one morning, weeping on the sidewalk in front of a bistro near the Arc de Triomphe. The bistro erupted in a fine frenzy of Gallic tears and cheers. The cops were summoned, and then Eric's father, who swept up his son in a blanket and carried him

home. He had, reported Roland Peugeot, paid the kidnapers some ransom money, but would not say where or how much. "It was a personal agreement, and I am the only one to know what happened."

Across France, the Sûreté mobilized for the man hunt. Paris buzzed with speculation that the kidnapping was an inside job: the timing was too perfect. But it might simply have been a case of a couple of bored hoodlums deciding to try that novel *crime américain* for a change of pace. Only a fortnight before, *Paris-Press* had told them just how to go about it in a 16-part series dredging up every last detail of the Lindbergh case.

RUSSIA

Those Kremlin Ghosts

At a Kremlin dinner, Nikita Khrushchev cried that Russia would abandon Communism "when the shrimp learns to whistle." Wagging a finger at Indians in Bangalore, Nikita warned that each beast has its own food: "You cannot force the buffalo to eat meat; the tiger cannot be made to eat grass." To labor leaders in London he explained the Soviet opposition to nuclear inspection teams: "We don't want people walking into our bedrooms."

Culled Witicisms. Though sometimes dull and often irrelevant, Nikita's free-wheeling quips and proverbs were at first a delight to newsmen and an astonishment to diplomats. But last week there was increasing evidence that Nikita was not as quick-witted as he seemed. Truth was that like other politicians—and comedians—he depends heavily on a stable of ghostwriters.

Two of Khrushchev's top ghosts—Andrei Shevchenko and G. T. Shuisky—are, like himself, from the Ukraine. Shevchenko seems to be the senior member and, as an agronomist, is credited with writing most of Khrushchev's major agricultural speeches.

Knowing Khrushchev's fondness for the simple peasant phrase, both writers keep their notebooks filled with proverbs, historical references and even religious quotations that can be used if the occasion arises. Since Nikita talks on any and all occasions, the two usually prepare plenty of stock speeches before a trip abroad, with the quips written in. Nikita may insert a few remarks about the weather or a witticism culled from the typewritten review of the local press, which he receives every day when abroad.

Sudden Tontrums. For informal occasions Khrushchev maintains a mental stockpile of maxims and homilies. During his French tour last month, a Russian-speaking newsmen, K. S. Karol, accompanied Nikita on the inspection of the Renault factory. Writing in the *New Statesman*, Karol noted that Khrushchev, far from being quick at repartee, uses his jokes to sidestep awkward questions rather than meet them head-on. In fact, Khrushchev seldom listens to what his interlocutors are saying. In the midst of some innocuous remarks by the auto workers, Khrushchev suddenly launched into a



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Gilbey's Gin

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homily on the happy lot of the Russian workers.

The purpose of his jovial sallies—like that of his sudden tantrums—is to make his listeners attentive. In fact, his technique is best expressed by the venerable Russian proverb: "It is the same with men as with asses; whoever would hold them fast must get a very good grip on their ears."

Those Moscow Mules

With the coming of spring, an alarming case of human nature was busting out all over the Soviet paradise.

Through the milling crowds in front of Moscow's department stores, furtive figures accosted shoppers to hawk wares hidden in briefcases, paper bags and coat pockets. After striking a bargain, the hawkers disappeared into the throng before agents from the "Department for Struggle Against Swindle and Speculation" could lay on the heavy hand of the law. The trade, according to *Krokodil*, Russia's official humor magazine, which sees nothing funny in the situation: a brisk black market in privately and illegally made woolen jerseys, caps, scarves, mittens and T shirts.

Back to the Knitting. Soviet mills have boosted production, but both the quantity and quality leave much to be desired. This is what gives capitalist knitters their chance. In Moscow, admitted *Krokodil*, scores of underground knitting plants operate under the nose of the cops.

Sleuths of the Department for Struggle, etc. raided a shop operated by one Anna Lazareva, discovered \$9,250 worth of yarn, 150 sweaters and \$7,500 in cash; a few doors away a second shop was discovered producing 100 blouses a day. The operators, said *Krokodil*, suffer from no shortage: state textile-industry employees swipe huge amounts of wool from government plants, resell it at a tidy profit to black-marketiers.

Off with Their Wheels. Even Soviet bureaucrats were acting like capitalist bureaucrats. Several months ago the government ordered all officials and executives to turn in their state-owned vehicles to a common motor pool. The decree has been more honored in the breach than in the observance. One brewery director refused to surrender his Moskvich sedan, pleading that it was needed to deliver beer. Moscow police stopped a small delivery truck bearing the sign, "Home Delivery of Buns and Crullers," discovered that it was delivering the bakery manager to the railroad station to meet incoming relatives. A roving reporter from *Komsomolskaya Pravda* found that in Alma Alta the director of a state livestock farm had placed a large roll of absorbent cotton on the back seat of his car, and declared that it was a Mobile Veterinary Laboratory. The Kazakhstan Academy of Sciences had not yet handed over a single one of the dozens of cars it was using. When the reporter demanded why the state prosecutor's office had not taken action, he was informed: "The state prosecutor himself feels to turn his cars into the common pool."

ITALY

The Headless Wonder

Into Rome's White House, the Quirinal palace, last week slipped a familiar visitor. Seven weeks after the downfall of Antonio Segni's center-right government and one week after the failure of Fernando Tambroni to form a rightist government nakedly dependent on Italy's neo-Fascists for a parliamentary majority, tough little Amintore Fanfani, 52, was asked to paste together another Christian-Democratic coalition.

To the Christian Democrats' own 272 votes, Fanfani planned to add the 17 controlled by Social Democrat Leader Giuseppe Saragat, six Republican seats and



AMINTORE FANFANI
Beneath the crises, basic stability.

three independent ones, for a bare one-vote majority. Since so slim a margin would offer his government no protection against secret desertions by members of his own party in parliamentary voting, Fanfani planned to rely on Pietro Nenni's Socialists to agree at least to abstain from voting against a Fanfani government. While some Italians saw this as the long-discussed "opening to the left" which would take the Christian Democrats down the road to more statism, Social-Democrat Leader Saragat himself argued otherwise. Confronted with a clear choice of supporting a non-Communist, pro-Western Socialist position, the elusive Nenni would either have to go along, or stand revealed as a hopeless lackey of Moscow.

Though newspapers front-paged Italy's "worst crisis" since World War II, the crisis seemed to concern only the politicians. Italy was booming. Production was up 16% from last year, and wages were running 6.4% ahead. Despite the recurrent crises, Italy has an underlying stability. Though the Christian Democrats had made a prolonged spectacle of their inability to achieve a stable parliamentary majority, their opposition of the far left,

the Communists and Nenni's Socialists, cannot achieve any kind of majority at all. Thus each government is and must be Christian Democratic, differing only slightly in detail and direction.

IRAQ

The Case of the Agile Corpse

Through Baghdad's crowded streets and souks last week a strange funeral procession wended its way, picking up bystanders, small boys and stray dogs as an avalanche gathers sticks and stones. At the head of the column, Arab women wailed and rent their garments, their faces plastered with clay in sign of mourning. Behind came the pallbearers, carrying a coffin that contained the body of Kassem Shakhnoub. That morning, at a cement plant where Shakhnoub worked, police had broken up a strike called by the Communist-led union. In the midst of the confusion, Shakhnoub had keeled over. Co-workers gathered around his body, shouting that he had been shot by the cops.

Chosen Martyr. For weeks Iraq's Communists had been calling strikes and engaging in street brawls with National Democratic supporters of Premier Karim Kassem, in protest against their progressive exclusion from Iraq's revolutionary regime (*TIME*, April 11). Now at last they had a martyr. They shoved Shakhnoub's body into a conveniently waiting coffin and marched on the capital, demanding to see Premier Kassem himself. The police tried to stop them. Only keening louder, the mourners broke through and dashed for Kassem's headquarters. Near Baghdad's imposing Defense Ministry, the procession came up against a line of troops. The pallbearers unceremoniously dumped the coffin and fled. As it hit the ground, the corpse scrambled out, fully alive and poised for flight.

Next day Shakhnoub lamely explained that he was an epileptic, subject to periodic and unpredictable seizures. He had not been aware, he said, that he was being used as a martyr. But the pro-government, moderate leftist *Al-Zaman* published a different story. Shakhnoub had been hired by the Communists for five dinars (about \$1.41) to play dead, said *Al-Zaman*. The women mourners got considerably less—about \$1.50 apiece.

Greed Unwelcome. To the discomfiture of Iraqi Communists, Shakhnoub's aborted martyrdom stole the headlines from what had been expected to be a big Communist triumph in Baghdad, a visit by Soviet First Deputy Premier Anastas Mikoyan. Although Russia a year ago offered the new revolutionary regime a \$138 million line of credit to finance Russian imports and Russian aid projects, Iraqis say that the Russians are slow on delivery and their prices are too high. Receiving Mikoyan correctly but with pronounced coolness, Kassem reiterated that Iraq "refuses to bow to imperialism or any greedy quarter"—"greedy" being the favorite Kassem euphemism for Russian stooges in Iraq. Said Kassem to Mikoyan: "The command of our chariot is independent."

SOUTH AFRICA

United in Folly

With an assassin's bullets still lodged in the head of its Prime Minister, with its black citizens still smoldering with sullen anger, with a shocked world still crying its condemnation, South Africa incredibly seemed to have learned nothing from its fortnight of revolt. Far from recognizing that something was drastically wrong, the ruling Nationalists, who are mostly Afrikaners, closed ranks. The official opposition, the United Party, which speaks for most of the English-speaking population, offered some minor quibbles but made clear that it stood shoulder to shoulder with the Nationalists in their efforts to put down the rioters and preserve white privilege. In fact, the crisis dramatized the extraordinary fact that in South Africa, *apartheid* has the sympathy and support of almost every white man.

Home for Idlers. The government's own answer to the explosion *apartheid* had generated was more *apartheid*. Hendrik Verwoerd's basic racist policies would continue, said Minister of Lands Paul Sauer, 62, sitting in as head of the Cabinet for the hospitalized Prime Minister. Minister of Justice François Erasmus proposed to rid the cities of "idlers and other superfluous Bantu" by sending them back to the Bantu areas in the back country. White employers had already made "idlers" of thousands by firing Africans who had stayed away from work, and Erasmus' police set to work rounding them up. There was hopeful talk of a massive speedup in Verwoerd's program to create a group of rural statelets called Bantustans for use as a faraway residence for most of the black population. The government also launched a crash program to encourage more white immigration from Europe.



ARCHBISHOP DE BLANK
A hideous doctrine.

Camera Press—Fis

Voice of Conscience. A few protests came from the tiny group of Progressive Party members of Parliament, but the loudest voice of opposition came from churchmen. From Swaziland, where he had fled to avoid arrest by Verwoerd's police, Ambrose Reeves, Anglican Bishop of Johannesburg, published an Easter message: "As Christians, we dare not pretend that we have no responsibility for all that is happening in South Africa . . . To do that would make us absentees from history." Militant Joost de Blank, Anglican Archbishop of Cape Town, aimed his attack at the Dutch Reformed Church, which provides the philosophic base for *apartheid*. "This hideous doctrine of *apartheid* must be openly condemned," said De Blank. "The Africans must be shown by constructive action—not words alone—that the churches have turned their backs on compulsory *apartheid*." He demanded that the Dutch Reformed Church repudiate *apartheid* or be thrown out of world religious bodies.

Dutch Reformed leaders, unmoved, accused De Blank of pointing "an unclean finger of accusation." It is proper, they said, for the whites to tell the African that they did not wish to accept him in their church, for it would not be fair to expect him to be an imitation of the whites. "Instead the Bantu should serve God in his own church," insisted one Dutch Reformed spokesman.

But if someone could shake the long-held rationale of the Dutch Reformed hierarchy, South Africa's stubborn men might at long last be shaken in their self-righteous faith in *apartheid* itself.

CENTRAL AFRICA

The Visitors

In the old days, London and Paris were headquarters for the hot-eyed young African nationalists in search of learning, eager audiences and cash for the worthy cause back home. Today they still stop off in such European capitals long enough to present their independence demands to colonial ministers, but more often than not, they are headed westward to a new mecca of funds and sympathy: the U.S.

More than 1,700 African students are enrolled at American colleges and schools, and rare is the week that a black man with a name newly famous but hard to pronounce does not show up at New York's Idlewild Airport in a neat black suit. In the past two years the list has included Guinea's Sékou Touré, Ghana's Kwame Nkrumah, Ivory Coast's Félix Houphouët-Boigny, Nigeria's Dr. Nnamdi Azikiwe, Kenya's Tom Mboya, Nyasaland's Kanyama Chiume, Southern Rhodesia's Joshua Nkomo, and most recently Tanganyika's Julius Nyerere.

Three from One. Newest arrivals: Dr. Hastings Banda, 55, of Nyasaland, and Kenneth Kaunda, 36, of Northern Rhodesia, two African leaders who are united in the determination to destroy the Central African Federation, a nation tacked together by Britain in 1953 in a desperate effort to make a stable, viable country out of three dissimilar territories carved



VISITOR BANDA
A new mecca.

Walter Bennett

out of the bush by Empire Builder Cecil Rhodes. The Federation consists of Nyasaland, copper-rich Northern Rhodesia, and Southern Rhodesia, the last being the only one of the three that includes a large (211,000) white settler population. It is Southern Rhodesia's whites, who are sentimentally linked to the South Africans in race policy, that Dr. Banda and Kaunda want to escape. Each is fresh from jail, released by Colonial Secretary Iain Macleod in the wind-through-Africa spirit, after serving sentences as political troublemakers. Each will probably become a Prime Minister within five years.

Cheers & Tactics. Last week an audience of 1,500 Americans in Manhattan's Town Hall chanted "NOW, NOW, NOW," as Spellbinder Kaunda yelled, "FREEDOM, Africa!", and cheered stumpy Hastings Banda (who spent 15 years in the U.S. before the war, studied at the University of Chicago and Nashville's Meharry Medical College) as he proclaimed: "We are not anti-white or anti-British; we are anti-dominion!"

Then they set off on a barnstorming tour sponsored by Manhattan's American Committee on Africa, a liberal pressure group that is headed by the Rev. (Methodist) George M. Houser. Next week Banda flies back to London to continue his negotiations with the British government, but Kaunda has a month-long schedule of visits to Washington, the Midwest, and the South. High point: a meeting with some young U.S. Negro leaders of the lunch-counter campaign in the South, to compare notes on tactics.

WORLD COURT

The Talmudists

For more than ten years Portugal and India have been squabbling over a dozen small chunks of land which are all that remain of the 450-year-old Portuguese empire in India. Last week the 15-man Inter-

national Court of Justice in The Hague handed down a judgment on the dispute worthy of a conclave of Talmudists.

At issue before the court was the fate of Dadra and Nagar Aveli, two tiny (126 sq. mi.) Portuguese enclaves tucked away in the lush forests of Bombay State. In 1954, when the primitive Warlike tribesmen of the two enclaves chased out their Portuguese overlords, the Indian government proclaimed that Dadra and Nagar Aveli were now "independent" areas, and refused to let Portugal send troops in from the nearby Portuguese coastal possession of Damão. The Portuguese promptly went to the World Court with the claim that under treaty obligations dating from 1779, Portugal had an automatic right of passage across the Indian territory that separates Dadra and Nagar Aveli from Damão.

After six years of reflection, the court last week conceded that "in 1954" Portugal had legal sovereignty over the enclaves and was entitled to free passage into them for civil officials, private citizens and goods. But by a close vote (3 to 7) the judges also decided that India was within its rights in refusing passage to Portuguese troops. In effect, they recognized the Portuguese right to the enclaves but denied them any means of enforcing it.

In Lisbon, Portuguese officialdom claimed a "moral victory." More important to Indians was the fact that the enclaves were clearly destined to remain Indian territory in practice, if not in law. Enthusiasts announced that their next target would be ancient Goa, biggest of Portugal's remaining Indian possessions. But Goa would be harder to "liberate." Since it is on the coast, Portugal can easily reinforce Goa's garrison without crossing Indian territory.

KOREA

Blood & Bayonets

Five weeks ago, in the midst of the rioting that gripped the quiet city of Masan during Korea's presidential elections, a 16-year-old student named Kim Chu Yul sortied out into Masan's streets and never returned. The police claimed they knew nothing about him. But last week a Masan angler, fishing in the city's harbor, brought up Kim Chu Yul's bloated body. Still protruding from the corpse's head was a fragment of one of the tear gas shells that Masan police had used in quelling the election-day riot.

As the news spread through Masan, 10,000 infuriated citizens, many of them high school students, flocked to the building where Kim's corpse lay and demanded the body "so we can take it to Seoul and show it to the National Assembly." When the authorities refused, the crowd ran amuck. Raging through the streets, shouting demands for the resignation of President Syngman Rhee, the rioters sacked Masan's city hall, the local offices of Rhee's Liberal Party, the home of Masan's mayor and a brewery that a local pol allegedly received as a bribe for switching his support to Rhee in the elections.

From the brewery—where they found

stacks of leftover ballots marked for Rhee's running mate, 63-year-old Vice President-elect Lee Ki Poong—the rioters moved on to Masan's police headquarters, smashed through a police cordon and wrecked the station. When Masan's police chief came driving up, infuriated women set fire to his Jeep and beat him so badly that at week's end he was still in a coma. For the next two days, the students of Masan paraded ceaselessly through town bearing placards that read "Down with Fraudulent Elections" and "Can Freedom Gained Through Blood Be Taken Away by Bayonets?"

Time to Apologize. Trading on the vast prestige that his 35-year fight for Korean freedom gave him with Korea's masses, autocratic Syngman Rhee, 85, has long ridden roughshod over anyone who dared oppose him politically. But in last month's election, his party's reliance on ballot

provides penalties of up to ten years in jail for anyone who attacks Rhee, opposition members of the National Assembly denounced him in unprecedented, personal terms. Said former Prime Minister Chang Taik Sang: "Rhee should be told from this house to either retire gracefully or else to apologize to the people, saying 'Please spare me.'"

Message from the Mount. The Seoul government seemed momentarily taken aback by the new resolution of its opponents. In the National Assembly, Home Minister Hong Chin Ki solemnly declared: "I promise to see to it that the police do not secretly dispose of bodies in the future." Instructions were also sent to the Masan police not to fire on demonstrators, particularly schoolchildren, "except when absolutely necessary."

But before the week was out, the government's new mildness proved just an



MASAN RIOTERS PASSING POLICE CHIEF'S BURNED JEEP
Children were shot only when necessary.

stuffing and terrorism (TIME, March 21 *et seq.*) took on unprecedented proportions. Masan has long been a stronghold of opposition to Rhee's Liberals. In 1956 the people of Masan gave Rhee only half as many votes as Progressive Party Candidate Cho Bong Am (later hanged by Rhee's police for treason). Masan's voters flatly refused to believe that this time they had voted Liberal by nearly 3 to 1.

Outraged by the election and the bloodshed it produced in Masan, more and more influential Koreans have found the courage to speak out against Rhee. After investigating the election-day riot in Masan, the Korea Bar Association reported: "Police deliberately sought to fabricate evidence of a Communist conspiracy by beating up arrested persons, including wounded ones, and telling them that unless they admitted to participating in a Communist plot, they would be tied in bags and thrown into the sea." Last week, despite a "national security" law which

other tactical maneuver. After a meditative two-hour stroll on the slopes of the azalea-bright mountain above his presidential palace, Rhee himself came up with the predictable conclusion that the Masan riots were the work of Communist agents. The Masan police arrested so many violators that the city jail overflowed and some prisoners had to be held in railroad freight cars.

At week's end, even as the police were busily breaking up attempted new demonstrations in Masan and three other southern cities, pro-government papers played up President Eisenhower's unexpected decision to stop off in Korea on his way home from Moscow as an evidence of Rhee's prestige abroad. But in Washington, government officials said privately that Eisenhower's real purpose was to inform headstrong old Syngman Rhee politely that his roughshod methods were becoming an embarrassment to his allies and a danger to his republic.

THE HEMISPHERE

KUBITSCHKE'S BRASILIA

Where Lately the Jaguar Screamed, a Metropolis Now Unfolds

I saw a great civilization rising on a plateau on the shores of a lake between the 15th and 20th parallels, a promised land of rich milk and honey blest.

João Bosco (1815-88),
Brasília's patron saint

At the rate of one each 30 minutes, 2,333 trucks churned out of Rio de Janeiro and took the road west, their springs creaking under all the paraphernalia of bureaucracy, from swivel chairs to paper clips. In the wilderness of Brazil's central plateau, planes touched down on a new, jet-landing runway every two minutes with Tempelhof-like precision. This week, before a crowd of 200,000, President Juscelino Kubitschek will officially move the Brazilian government into Brasilia, his \$500 million new capital. Boasts Kubitschek: "We have turned our back on the sea and penetrated to the heartland of the nation. Now the people realize their strength."

Hang the Cost. Brasilia is a skyscraper city sprung metropolis-size from a broad plateau where, just 43 months ago, Ku-

bitschek recalls, "there was only solitude and a jaguar screaming in the night." I was thrown up at a bang-the-cost speed that wrenched the whole country's economy. Forty-five million cubic meters of red earth were ripped out by a \$50 million army of machines. The final price tag will top Brazil's annual budget.

On his visit in February, President Eisenhower was reminded of "our own decision many years ago to move the capital of our fledgling nation from Philadelphia." But in the move to Washington in 1800, only 136 bureaucrats made the trek by coach and horseback, while state papers went by ship. Brasilia will have 120,000 citizens next week and 500,000 within ten years. No new capital—Ankara, Canberra or New Delhi—compares with it for scope and speed.

Eyes West. Kubitschek's critics dub him "Pharaoh Juscelino" because historians reach back for a comparison to the Pharaoh Amenhotep IV, who between 1375 and 1358 B.C. built the Egyptian capital of Akhetaton after deciding that Thebes was out of favor with his god. In

ambition, though not in tragic cost. Brasília might also be compared to St. Petersburg (now Leningrad), erected on inhospitable marsh, at a cost of more than 30,000 lives, to gratify Peter the Great's passion to open ingrown Russia to the Baltic and to Western influence. Kubiśchek also looks west, but inwardly: he proposes to populate Brazil's vast domain carved out by 17th century *vandeuraites*—half-savage frontiersmen—but never settled. In the world's fifth largest country, he says, "enormous fertile lands are as empty as the Sahara, while millions of Brazilians live in penury, clinging like crabs to the crowded shoreline."

The dream of an inland capital for Brazil is an old one; it was written into the constitution of 1891. But after decades of lip service, nobody took the project seriously, even after an Ithaca, N.Y. aerial mapping expert picked a site in 1955, much as Brazil's patron saint predicted, at 15° 30 min. latitude in the state of Goiás. Kubitschek's first encounter with the project came from a heckler at a Goiás rally during the 1955 campaign. "What about Brasília?" yelled the heckler. Kubitschek yelled back: "I will implement the constitution." He recalls: "I had hardly considered Brasília before then."

Sign of the Cross. Eight months after his inauguration, Congress passed a law setting up the Companhia Urbanizadora da Nova Capital do Brasil (Novacap) to build the city. Says Kubitschek: "Nobody thought I could or would do it." Kubitschek could. And Brazil's great architects caught his enthusiasm:

¶ Lúcio Costa, 58, son of a Brazilian architect, a lifelong pacifist and the acknowledged father of Brazil's flashy modern architecture, won the contest for a master city plan. While others submitted blueprints and models, Costa sketched on five sheets of paper a city to be judged. Britain's Sir William Holford, called "a city with solutions, not problems, built in," says Costa: "The shape of Brasília was born out of the simple gesture of a man who indicates a place or marks it as his own; two lines crossing at right angles."

Q Oscar Niemeyer, 52, a dormant Communist ("I am too old to change," he once said), and an old pupil and admirer of Costa, casually agreed during an automobile ride with his friend Kubitschek in 1956 to design Brasilia's major buildings. He set to work at a government salary of \$300 a month to make a city for "free and happy people who appreciate pure and simple things."

Novacap President Israel Pinheiro bounced into a small clearing in a DC-3 and surveyed his site: a cool, green plateau cut into a V by the tawny waters of



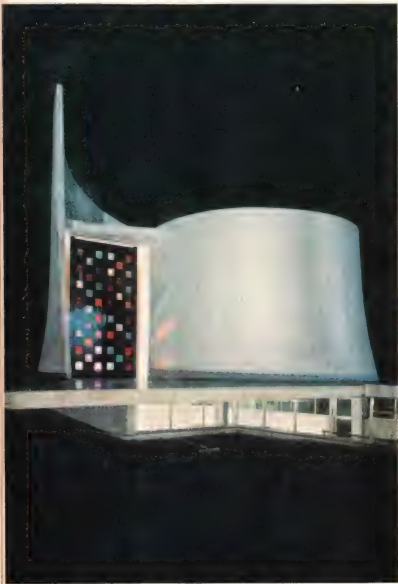
PHOTOGRAPHS FOR TIME BY PAULO MUNIZ



AIR VIEW OF BRASÍLIA shows right wing of capital's airplane-shaped city plan, with massive superblocks (center) now nearing completion on either side of main thoroughway.

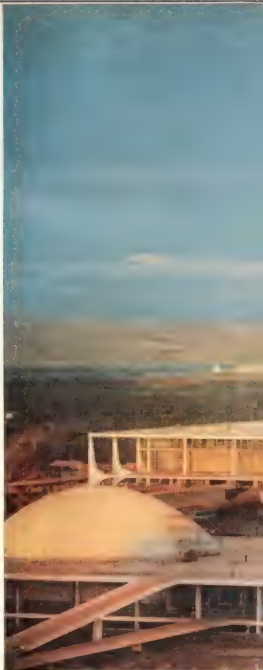
In distance is series of identical ten-story ministry buildings that line approach to Plaza of the Three Powers (see following pages), identifiable by its twin 28-story skyscrapers.

GOVERNMENT CENTER is Plaza at the Three Powers, with dome-shaped Senate *(left)*, bowl-shaped Chamber of Deputies *(right)*, and twin skyscrapers for congressional offices. Structure with wing-shaped columns is President's office; in distance is President's Palace of the Dawn.



PRESIDENT'S CHAPEL designed by Architect Niemeyer is uncoiling spiral of marble-sheathed concrete.

Stained glass is inset in main door. Lighted passageway beneath chapel leads to nearby President's palace.





SUPREME COURT building faces President's office on Plaza of the Three Powers (above). Tapered columns were used by Niemeyer in various arrangements to unify design of key public buildings.



PRESIDENT'S LIBRARY was decorated by Niemeyer's daughter, Ana Maria, using native jacaranda paneling, modern Brazilian furniture. Open guest book has Ike's signature.

PRESIDENT'S RESIDENCE, called Palace of the Dawn, seems to float on curvial, marble-veneered columns. Pool sculpture is by Brazil's Alfredo Ceschiatti. Chapel is at left.



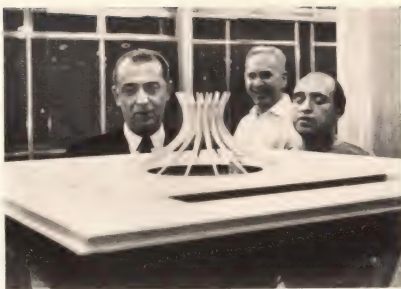
two streams, the Fundo and Bananal. "I spent 18 months with my wife in a single room in a wooden bunkhouse," says Pinheiro. "I stayed there for propaganda. If it was good enough for me, it was good enough for everybody." A whip-tongued engineer, Pinheiro bounced over crude roads in his Jeep, barking endless orders over his radiotelephone: "This is Novacap No. 1 calling."

Novacap had extraordinary powers, and Pinheiro used them. He floated bond issues, snagged a \$10 million Export-Import Bank loan. He expropriated the 2,260 sq. mi. of the Brasília federal district at \$1 per acre, sold selected lots for \$3 per square meter and up, a plan that will raise one-fifth of Brasília's costs. He hired 1,500 contractors, flew in the first building materials at high cost. Through Kubitschek, Novacap raided departmental budgets. Checking the figures, newsmen have found at least \$117 million of financing for Brasília. It absorbed, for example, 95% of all hospital construction funds for 1959. As deficit spending sent the cruzeiro spiraling from 65 to 200 to the dollar, the opposition awoke. "The limit of insanity! A dictatorship in the desert!" cried Rio's *Correio da Manhã*. "Madness," echoed *O Globo*. Kubitschek, sensing now a grand cause, replied: "The capital is moving, and anybody who tries to stop it will be lynched by the people."

Workers—ultimately 60,000 of them—flocked from all over Brazil, in particular from the drought-stricken northeastern bulge. "They mortgage everything to pay for a jouncing, weeklong ride in a truck to Brasília," said a contractor. "After six months they visit home by plane."

Pinheiro made room for the rush by handing out free four-year land leases in mushroom shantytowns neighboring the capital site. In a nearby Wild West shack city called Cidade Livre (Free City), seven banks, 600 rooming houses, 750 stores sprang up. José Calça, 52, arrived with a truckload of groceries, unloaded it "in waist-high grass," sold out all his cooking oil immediately, now does a \$30,000-a-month business at his Casa Colorado. Says he: "The only way to lose money here is to throw it away." In Free City, construction crews line up at the Romance Bar bordello, and venereal disease causes more absenteeism than accidents on the job.

Dirt & Deadlines. But up the capital went. In June 1958, Kubitschek spent a weekend in his Palace of the Dawn (called "Niemeyer's cardiogram" by critics because of its leaping concrete pillars—see color). Pinheiro tacked signs marking the completion date of every building; ten-story ministries rose in 45, 36, even 28 days. More than 5,000 miles of road, most of it straight as a pencil, stretched out to São Paulo, Belo Horizonte, Fortaleza, and even across the jungle to Belém at the mouth of the Amazon. Morbidly afraid of dark rooms, elevators and airplanes, Niemeyer endured agony on his frequent plane trips to the capital ("It's shameful, but I can't help it"). He finally moved to Brasília, where he dropped 19 lbs. off an already lean frame.



KUBITSCHKEK & NIEMEYER (RIGHT) WITH MODEL OF BRASÍLIA CATHEDRAL
"We have turned our back on the sea and penetrated to the heartland."

Costa's cross on the map became a skyline. Along the 820-ft.-wide "monumental axis" that runs for a mile and a half from the commercial center to the Plaza of the Three Powers, all the major government buildings are up. The residential axis, a six-lane, limited-access boulevard, has been paved, and 3,455 apartments are completed. Rising water in the 15-sq.-mi. artificial lake has already performed a slum-clearance job on hundreds of workers' shacks. Plans for the years ahead are drawn to the last detail: cemeteries will be built on either end of the residential zone "to avoid funeral processions through the center of town."

But Brasília is still a raw clay construction site, with 600,000 newly transplanted trees and a few patches of turf. To handle what U.S. travel agents think will be a tourist boom, Brasília has only one 180-room hotel, often jammed with 500 guests and feeding 1,000 at every meal. Pessimists still call Kubitschek's \$4,000,000 Palace of the Dawn "the most beautiful summer home on earth," implying that Brazil will now have two capitals.

To the Frontier. For the next few years, government is certain to be split between the two cities. Embassy Row in Brasília is mostly a row of cornerstones and stakes on the allotted sites, leading Kubitschek to threaten to "invite all the ambassadors to dinner in Brasília once a week until they get tired of commuting from Rio" (a 24-hour plane trip). But the first 3,000 bureaucrats, moving with many a grumble to Brasília last week, knew they were there to stay. Both Candidate Lott and his rival, ex-São Paulo Governor Jânio Quadros, faced with an accomplished fact, pledge to carry on the Brasília job.

For the new capital has caught the nation's imagination. Criticism has died away in pride. Full-blooded Indians from the Amazon, Negroes from Bahia, Japa-

nese truck farmers from São Paulo are all streaming west in search of jobs and land. Throughout the vast plateau (altitude: 3,600 ft.) the climate is pleasant (average temperature: 69° F.), and the farm land, though not rich, will grow vegetables, rice, corn, coffee, tapioca, wheat and cattle.

Brasília is also a personal monument to Kubitschek. "He hounded us all the time," says Pinheiro. "He created the spirit of Brasília, and he got it built." This week, as Kubitschek flashes his broad grin across his El Dorado, not even the proud citizens of Rio, Brazil's seat of government since 1763, can begrudge him his day—though at the stroke of midnight they will be living in nothing more impressive than the capital of a newly created state called Guanabara.

CUBA

Back to the Sierra Maestra

Sixteen months ago, gun in hand, Fidel Castro came out of the Sierra Maestra range in eastern Cuba and liberated the island from dictatorship. Last week, gun in hand, Castro returned to the Sierra. This time he was the hunter.

The prey was Captain Manuel Beaton, one of the growing number of officers in Castro's army who think that Communists have perverted and appropriated Castro's revolution. Beaton popped up on the Sierra's southern slope a fortnight ago, leading a band of 60 to 80 men. He reached an army garrison, captured arms.

To smash him, Castro sent a small combined unit of militia and regulars under the command of a major. Instead, Beaton killed the major. Out from Havana on the run hurried an alarmed Fidel with his army chief, Juan Almeida, and his Armed Forces Minister, Brother Raúl, at his side. Pelted by spring rains, they sloged last week through calf-deep red mud seeking out the new rebel.



1959 PLYMOUTH WAGONS... 3 series, 8 models.

Even the kids seem quieter

*in the wagons built by people who know
what parents are up against*



1960 DODGE DART WAGONS... 2 series, 6 models.

27 MODELS TO CHOOSE FROM

4 Valiant wagons • 9 Plymouth wagons • 6 Dodge Dart wagons
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4 VALIANT WAGONS... 2 series, 4 models.

NEW PUSHBUTTON DASH PUTS
ALL THE CONTROLS AT YOUR FINGERTIPS



You can lock all doors from the driver's seat. Great with kids.

Parents will find this hard to believe: these wagons keep you reminded how happy you are to have a family of kids—even on a long haul. They put the rascals in place and you at ease.

For one thing, the antic room in back is bigger than ever, but the wagons are not. New Unibody Construction makes body and frame a solid, welded unit. Gone is the old concept of separate body and bulky frame. Inches of room are saved inside. There's added distance between the driver and the circus ring that lively kids turn any wagon into.

The smooth and quiet ride of these new wagons lessens tensions, too. Chrysler Corporation's exclusive Torsion-Aire Ride shrugs off bumps and road shock. And Unibody puts a silencer on squeaks and rattles.

Safety features shown at right help put a parent in the right frame of mind to enjoy a drive. You can lock all doors from the driver's seat (a feature available in most of our 1960 models). You can close the tailgate window from the front seat, too.

Let a drive bring out the difference great engineering makes.



No clumsy two-piece tailgate. Rear window rolls down, can be controlled by driver from front seat.



Hidden luggage compartment lets you lock valuables safely out of sight. You'll appreciate this on trips.

The Quick, the Strong, and the Quiet
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PEOPLE

Major General **Rolph W. Zwicker**, 57, one of those people fated to remain famous for a peripheral incident in life (he successfully defied Joe McCarthy's badgering question: "Who promoted Peress?"), will soon retire after 33 years in the uniform McCarthy said (quite wrongly, of course) that he was "unfit to wear." Since the McCarthy demagoguery, Zwicker won a second star, served as commander of the 1st Cavalry Division in the Far East, is now commander of the Ohio-based XX Army Corps.

On the premise that a U.S. Congressman has a right to travel anywhere in the world in the name of legislative duty, Oregon's headline-hankering Democratic Representative **Charles Orlando Porter** last June sniffed the air, caught scents of legislative duty calling him to Red China. The State Department denied him a special visa, refusing to exempt him from its blanket ban on U.S. citizens' going behind the Bamboo Curtain. Porter promptly sued, claimed violation of his constitutional rights. The U.S. Court of Appeals last week upheld a lower court decision against Porter. The decision: Porter rates no better than any other citizen in trying to crash State's travel barrier.

Britain's ace Grand Prix driver, **Stirling Moss**, 30, fined \$140, his British driver's license lifted for a year because he collided head-on with a truck while passing another car on a British road, complained: "If my name hadn't been Stirling Moss, the police wouldn't have brought the case."

As board chairman and chief executive officer of the world's biggest industrial firm, General Motors' **Frederic Garrett Donner**, 57, pulled down a healthy \$670,-

350 in compensation last year, according to a G.M. statement issued last week. Donner's income: salaries and fees, \$201,150; bonuses, \$351,750; contingent credits (on stock options), \$117,250. Estimated income after taxes: \$111,782.

In the Nationalist China capital of Taipei, **Mme. Chiang Kai-shek** unveiled a bronze bust of China's good friend and defender, Lieut. General **Claire Chennault**, the original Flying Tiger, dead since 1958. The likeness, catching the essence of Chennault's leathery, steel-spined courage, is in a children's playground and faces Chiang's official mansion. Cabled the President of the U.S.: "While his mortal remains lie among those of Ameri-



K.O. Ton
MME. CHIANG AT CHENNAULT CEREMONY*
Unique figure.

ca's soldiers of all wars [in Arlington National Cemetery], his spirit is memorialized today in Free China."

One of the least amicable borders in the world is the endlessly patrolled line between Turkey and its ancient enemy, the U.S.S.R. Thus it seemed odd to some quarters of the Arab world when Turkey's Premier **Adnan Menderes** and the Soviet Union's **Nikita Khrushchev** last week accepted reciprocal invitations for official visits. But then, everybody's visiting everybody these days. Menderes will toddle up to Moscow some time in July; Khrushchev will soar down to Ankara at a later date.

The Democratic Committee of Roxbury, Conn., solemnly met to pick its two delegates to the Fifth Congressional Dis-

* In the white dress: Chennault's widow Anna.

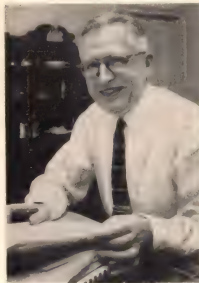


Robert W. Kelley—LIFE
DEMOCRAT MONROE
Nice alternate.

trict convention that will be held in June. Up rose a committeeman to suggest: "Wouldn't it be nice if Marilyn could be a delegate to the convention?" There being general agreement on the proposition, enrolled Roxbury Democrat **Marilyn Monroe** will be an alternate delegate to the district meeting, may have a chance to prove that she can swing votes as well as hips.

Manhattan cops showed no compassion for Irish-born Actor **Edward Mulhare**, Rex Harrison's successor as the tweedy Professor Higgins in long-running *My Fair Lady*. Thrice in the same day, twice in the same spot, traffic patrolmen hung \$15 tickets on Mulhare's white Dodge convertible for illegal parking. Late that afternoon Mulhare made a fast getaway to Moscow along with *Fair Lady*'s national company and 72 tons of scenery, props and luggage. Five chartered planes carried the troupe for an eight-week Russian tour. *Fair Lady* tickets were selling like cabbages at 60 rubles a head—highest price ever charged for tickets in Moscow. Almost twice the amount exacted for the best seats at the Bolshoi Ballet.

In 1933, three years before he was defeated as the Republican presidential candidate, Kansas' Governor **Alfred Mossman Landon** signed a bill restoring capital punishment to the Kansas penal code. Therefore, when Kansas' current Governor, **George Docking**, recently commuted the death sentence of a man convicted of a brutal murder, he drew a sharp rap from Alf Landon, now 72. Last week, Docking, only half in jest, snapped: "If Landon likes capital punishment so well, we'll just offer him the job of state executioner at \$100 a throw. I'll throw in free cigarettes." Replied Landon icily: "That comment sounds about as psychopathic as some of his other remarks."



Robert W. Kelley—LIFE
BOARD CHAIRMAN DONNER
Fine figures.



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travel, Honeywell developed this space cabin simulator for the USAF School of Aviation Medicine. A research tool, it will completely isolate two men from the outside world for 30 days. Honeywell capability in environmental control and space technology made the simulator possible—a fitting milestone in Honeywell's 75-year history of leadership in control.

Honeywell



First in Control

SINCE 1906



THE GIANTS' NEW PARK ON OPENING DAY
Everything but the chariots.

Jon Borenstein—Sports Illustrated

Lighting the Candlestick

By land, sea and air, a capacity crowd of 42,260 San Franciscans last week flocked to see their baseball Giants open the National League season against the St. Louis Cardinals—and to help open their last word. \$15 million Candlestick Park. There has been nothing quite like it since the Romans, who had to struggle along by chariot, converged on the Colosseum.

Home in the Horseshoe. Since Candlestick Park is on a peninsular sort of cul-de-sac, many a San Franciscan feared a traffic jam to end all traffic jams. But on opening day there was not much cause for worry: Candlestick's 8,500-car parking lot was left 2,000 shy of capacity. Dreading to drive, hundreds of San Franciscans came by seaplanes, helicopters, sail and motor boats. It was all remarkably orderly.*

Candlestick is built for the customer particularly if he happens to have a fat billfold. In the section known as "the Golden Horseshoe," and selling at \$500

* The exception that proved the rule, in spades: Hilary Belloc, son of British Author/Historian Hilaire Belloc, was letting out the anchor of a 40-ft. ketch when the chain tightened, cutting off half of his ring finger. While Belloc went on to the ballpark and got the remaining part of his finger bandaged at the stadium clinic, his 16-year-old son Martin searched in the shallow water, finally found the missing half. It was delivered to the clinic after Hilary Belloc had left, and was placed in a Dixie cup. Outside the park, Belloc heard that part of his finger had arrived back inside, tried to re-enter Candlestick by telling a gatekeeper his story. The reply: "That's the best yarn I've heard today." Turned away, Belloc got in a cab. Meanwhile, the clinic realized that it had no one to put the finger on. The clinic dispatched a motorcycle patrolman with finger in Dixie cup, after Belloc's cab. Finger retrieved Belloc went to a hospital, got the finger sewed back on, returned to Candlestick Park to watch the last seven innings.

SPORT

per place for the 76-day home season, each box is equipped with private lockers, tables, telephones and, on call, waiters (last week the waiter service was not quite ready). For San Francisco's often chilly weather, there is radiant heating under the seats.

Shells in the Eye. At first, the only persons with reservations about Candlestick were the ballplayers. Candlestick was apparently contrived to make the worst of San Francisco's constant winds. Said the Giants' Willie Mays, after clouting

two monumental drives during practice and seeing them land, wind-slowed, just short of the 307-ft. leftfield fence: "This park is too big. Somebody's gonna get some salary cuts around here." Said Giant First Baseman Willie McCovey, after his initial experience with wind-blown debris from the stands: "The peanut shells kept getting in my eyes."

But after the first two games, the Giants, at least, began to agree with the fans about San Francisco's new park. In those games, the Giants beat the Cardinals by 3-1 and 6-1, on three-hitters by Right-Hander Sam Jones and Left-Hander Mike McCormick. Said a satisfied Giant: "This is a park for ballplayers." The Cardinals felt differently. Said St. Louis' Stan Musial: "You'd think they'd ask a few ballplayers before they built a park."

The Goose Flies High


Sizing up prospects for the Olympics in Rome next August, nearly everyone agrees that the U.S. has the world's best pole vaulters—and that the highest-flying U.S. vaulters are Veterans Bob Gutowski, 24, who holds the outdoor record of 15 ft. 8½ in., and Don Bragg, 24, who claims the indoor record of 15 ft. 9½ in. But last week in Norman, Okla., a relative unknown vaulted as high as anyone else in track history: John David Martin, 20, a University of Oklahoma junior, cleared the bar at 15 ft. 9½ in.


A strapping (6 ft. 4 in.) Oklahoma farm boy with huge hands (his nickname is "Goose," after onetime Harlem Globetrotter Goose Tatum, who could make a basketball look like a BB shot in his vast paws), Martin began pole vaulting on a dare. Challenged by seventh-grade friends to enter the event in a school meet, Martin did—and I was terrible." Humiliated, he walked into the woods, cut down a



MARTIN GOING UP
All on a dare.

UPI



DORIS DAY. From somewhere deep inside, where most girls love or laugh or cry, Doris Day sings. When you listen to the warm, intimate, natural way she has with a tune, memories begin. Her songs seem to touch you, giving voice to unspoken longings. Be it ballad or rhythm number, her canny knack for projecting the soul of a song is a rare and wonderful gift...a gift that has made her the world's favorite singing star...in films...on records. The inimitable voice...the style...the personality of Doris Day is recorded faithfully, flawlessly and frequently on COLUMBIA RECORDS. 

young locust tree and, using it as a pole, began practicing.

Although Martin's vault last week equaled the highest ever recorded,* it probably will not be recognized as a world record. To keep it from blowing down in the face of a stiff wind, the crossbar was placed on the vaulter's side of one of the upright standards—thereby making it just a bit more difficult to brush off. But the vault was still enough to serve warning to Olympians that the U.S., in addition to Gutowski and Bragg, has its high-flying Goose.

"To Wish Is a Big Thing"

"These things," said Manuel Ycaza, "are beneath the dignity of a man whose family has a coat of arms." The things that Jockey Ycaza (pronounced ee-kah-za) was talking about were the tactics



John Zimmerman—Society Illustrated

JOCKEY MANUEL YCAZA

A whip on a field of \$2 tickets.

that once won him the reputation of racing's roughest rider. But Ycaza, at 22, is already a reformed fellow. And though he is calmly vague about the details of his coat of arms (asked what it is, he replies: "Why, it is a coat of arms for the Ycaza family"), many a follower of the new Ycaza might suggest that it be a whip rampant on a field of winning \$2 tickets.

Every Trick in the Book. One of nine children born to a Panamanian bus driver, Ycaza learned to ride ponies as a six-year-old, trained as a jockey in Panama and Mexico. Says his agent: "They're not strict down there. Everybody rides rough." In the U.S., Ycaza quickly endeared himself to the \$2 bettors as a jockey who could win with a donkey—if only because he was more than will-

ing to try every breakneck, hot-headed trick in the books. In 1957 track stewards grounded Ycaza for 130 days for fouls; in 1958 he was ordered out of the saddle for 110 days. From 1958 came the memorable picture of Ycaza, riding Jewel's Reward in Hialeah's Flamingo Stakes, and coming down the stretch bumping Rival Tim Tam. Ycaza was suspended for 15 days. Jewel's Reward was disqualified at a cost of \$77,800 to Owner Elizabeth Arden Graham, and Tim Tam went on to win the Kentucky Derby and the Preakness. It was at about that point that trainers began shrugging Ycaza off as a foolish kid who let a hot temper cancel out cold talent.

But in 1959, Owner Harry F. Guggenheim of Cain Hoy Stable gave Ycaza a chance to redeem himself by hiring him as contract rider. Ycaza liked Cain Hoy. "It is like a family stable," he says. "They are all very nice to me." In that climate, he began mending his ways. "I wished to improve," says Ycaza. "To wish is a big thing." It was certainly a big thing to Cain Hoy—the U.S.'s leading money-winning stable last year, with purses totaling \$742,081.

Holding Onto It. This year Ycaza has taken his place among the nation's best jockeys. A leader at Florida's Gulfstream Park, he recently flew to New York, got socked out by weather, finally landed and got to Aqueduct just 55 minutes before the day's feature race. He pulled on his silks just in time to mount and ride Mommy Dear to a win in the \$28,050 Correction Handicap. Last week he had five winners in three days at Aqueduct—and not one of his rides was beneath the dignity of a man with a family coat of arms. Says Ycaza: "I used to want to win so much that I got excited when anything interfered, and I would lose my temper. Now I still have the same temper, but I know I've got to hold it."

Top to Bottom

If there had been any doubt about it before, there was no longer: the Montreal Canadiens are the greatest team in hockey history. Last week, completing the job of skating and shooting the Toronto Maple Leafs off the ice, *Les Canadiens* won the Stanley Cup play-offs in four straight games. The scores: 4-2, 2-1, 5-2, 4-0. It was the fifth consecutive Stanley Cup for Montreal, a feat never equaled.

Montreal is a team of stars and of depth. When it started its championship streak five years ago, the big name was that of Maurice Richard. This year Richard, at 38, is plainly near retirement. But his kid brother, Henri, 24, has become one of hockey's top forwards—and Montreal has a half-dozen other of the N.H.L.'s brighter stars.

But Montreal's real strength lies less in its headline-makers than in its top-to-bottom power. Said a rival club official last week: "They've got so much talent they can keep guys like Ralph Backstrom and Billy Hicke on the bench for a year. Then when they get in the game, they beat you."



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* Gutowski's 1957 mark of 15 ft. 9 1/2 in. was recognized as a world record because his pole hit under the bar.

LITTLE PEAS with Verve



According to medieval legend, the thunder-god Thor gave peas to men. And men respectfully ate peas only on his day, Thursday.

Today, however, the rare taste of two exceptional kinds of peas has caused the bolder sort of men to eat peas more often. One of these kinds, as you well know, is the celebrated *petits pois* of France. The other is its only rival, a special kind of peas being grown on certain acres in this country.

These little American peas are very sprightly to the taste. They're little peas with verve. Very young and tender. Their flavor quite unlike that of any other peas you may have tasted.

This most unusual flavor begins with the genealogy of these little peas. They are grown from seed developed through hundreds of recorded breedings and cross-breedings. This seed is planted in soils specially reserved for its nurture, in a climate peas like best.

The stripping plants are carefully tended during their brief life. And when the little peas have achieved their peak flavor, they are picked and packed promptly to retain all their succulence.

These verve-y little peas are called Le Sueur Brand peas. Finer grocers do their best to keep them in supply. May we suggest that you order several tins and enjoy them tonight? Or Thursday?

LE SUEUR
Very Young Small
PEAS

Green Giant Company, Indianapolis, La. River, Minn.
"La River" Brand Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. ©GODs.

THE THEATER

New Openings on Broadway

Bye Bye Birdie (book by Michael Stewart; music and lyrics by Charles Strouse & Lee Adams) is not particularly expert, but it doesn't have to be. There is something infectiously and rampageously lively about it. Staged with exuberance by Gower Champion, who is the real hero of the evening, *Birdie* has the special crazy zip of a bowling ball on the loose, of rifle shots not so much hitting the bull's-eye as overturning the target.

The show finds its subject in Conrad Birdie, an Elvis Presleyish crooner, and in his shrieking teen-age worshippers. But happily the show's object is to uncover fun wherever it lurks, whether in fathers or fantasy, peashooters or TV shows. If so vagrant a method makes things slightly untidy, it also keeps them fresh. Where the method richly pays off is in its not giving Conrad (well played by Dick Gautier) too much houseroom, in its saying bye-bye to him oftener than it squeals hello. In the same way, because a whole rock-'n'-roll call of teen-agers are often banished between aahs, or missing between oohs, they do not grow oppressive. If Dick Van Dyke and Chita Rivera, as the love interest, never quite make love interesting, they often brighten it with glints of hate and vary it with an amusing roadblock to the altar—Dick's mother. Zestfully played by Kay Medford, she is a murderously possessive mamma forever jabbering of self-sacrifice, threatening suicide and pleading for a minimum in funerals: "Just wait till Mother's Day, wrap me in a flag, and dump me in the river." With contrasting skill, Paul Lynde plays a teen-ager's father trying to assert himself, first at home, then scene-stealing on TV.

Bye Bye Birdie ranges farthest, and perhaps most enjoyably, afield when Dancer Rivera crashes a Shriners' dinner and

starts a small Keystone Comedy chase, now around the table, now on it, now under it. One reason why *Birdie* lands on its feet is that it is so seldom off them. People rarely sit, or even stand still; they drop funny remarks hastening in one direction, not so funny ones fleeing in another. Musically the show travels rather light, once or twice with an empty suitcase. But *Bye Bye Birdie* successfully elevates freshness above slickness, playfulness above workmanship, and can boast a spanking enough breeze to explain why things now and then get blown about.

A Second String (adapted by Lucienne Hill from a novel of Colette) portrays the home life of an egocentric French playwright-philanderer who is almost never at home. Despite his having a secretary-mistress as well as a wife on the premises, he just dashes demandingly in and out. When mistress and wife are not waiting on him, they are waiting for him, while a neglected teen-age son keeps hoping for more from papa than a quick pat on the back, and a sophisticated elderly actress drops by to deliver a few verbal lefts to the chin. In time the wife becomes a sufficiently aware and impatient Griselda to force a showdown with the mistress, only for the two women to find confederacy more sensible than civil war.

Whatever wit or wisdom the original Colette story possessed has been all but boiled out of it by turning French into English and a novel into a play. What is technically a drama of situation becomes in practice a mere conversation piece, with the same topics and tête-à-têtes recurring over and over, and with the talk itself never bright for long, and not often bright at all. With a sturdy cast—Shirley Booth, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Cathleen Nesbitt, Nina Foch—somehow acting in a mild jangle of keys, an always thin story becomes a largely tedious one.



DANCER RIVERA & SHRINERS IN "BIRDIE"
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Frank Poller



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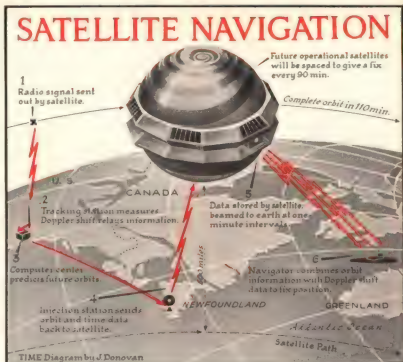
SCIENCE

Rapid Transit

The compass, the chronometer, the sextant gradually changed navigation from an art to a science, made mere curiosities of such seafaring geniuses as the early Polynesians—who, according to legend, could smell land far beyond the horizon and head their boats accordingly. In 1960, man's most accurate substitute for weather-dependent celestial navigation is World War II's loran (for long-range aid to navigation), a system of cross-monitored radio signals that is highly expensive and covers only the more frequently traveled parts of the earth. Last week loran seemed destined for obsolescence, as an experimental Navy satellite called Transit I-B blasted into space from Florida's Cape Canaveral.

Transit I-B (an attempt to send Transit I-A into orbit failed last September) is only the first basic step in a process that is expected to take two years to develop. Many of the first press stories excitedly treated it as though it were already an operational system. It is not—however dramatic its promise for the future.

By Doppler Effect. Lofted by an Air Force Thor-Able-Star rocket, Transit I-B slanted around the world from 31° N. to 31° S. and settled into an elliptical orbit (apogee, 475 miles; perigee, 235 miles), sending radio signals from the moment it left the pad. From Texas to Hampshire, England, tracking stations sent information to a computing center near Washington, D.C. In future models, orbit-predicting data will be quickly re-broadcast to the satellite, which will remember its daily itinerary on mag-



netic tape, constantly announce it from space (the day-to-day orbital variations are minuscule, but would be vital to navigators).

The key to the navigation system is a common phenomenon first articulated scientifically little more than 100 years ago, when Austrian Physicist Johann Christian Doppler noted that sound waves coming from a moving object increase in frequency as the source of the sound approaches an observer, decrease as it moves away. Thus, in what has become the standard example of the Doppler effect, a train whistle seems to rise and fall in pitch as the train goes by. Similarly, the signals from a satellite increase in frequency as they move nearer to a receiver on earth, diminish as they move on. By measuring the rate of change of these frequencies, a navigator can determine his exact distance from the satellite's path. And since Transit will also announce just where it will be on its path at any given moment, a computer on shipboard will be able to tell the navigator where he is.

Scrounged Parts. Only one satellite is needed for an accurate navigational fix, but when the Navy's system is operational in 1962, four satellites will criss-cross in a synchronization planned to serve all quarters of the earth. The advantage to commercial shipping will be slight, since present methods are more than adequate. But the military significance is great, may solve the major problem of missile shots from submarines: determining the exact distance and direction from the sub to the target. Cruising underwater far off the beaten track and out of loran's range, a nuclear submarine will be able to poke a whip antenna above the surface, take a

fix on the nearest Transit satellite, and blaze away with lethal accuracy.

The Transit project began as a hobby of Johns Hopkins Physicists George Weiffenbach, 39, and William Guier, 33. When Russia's Sputnik I went up in 1957, the two men stripped a hi-fi set, scrounged spare parts from a Hopkins lab, built a receiver to record the Soviet satellite's beeps. Charting the Doppler shifts, they tracked Sputnik with remarkable accuracy. A third colleague, Canadian-born Physicist Frank McGuire, suggested that if satellite positions could be plotted from earth, earth positions could be plotted by readings from a satellite. The three men took their idea to Richard B. Kershner, 47, head of the space development division of Hopkins' Applied Physics Laboratory and a longtime man-about-missiles (Terrier, Polaris). Kershner sold it to the Navy's Admiral Arleigh Burke.

Hob in the Ionosphere. The project's first tentative step aloft, Transit I-B is a sphere with a 36-in. diameter, has a spiraling stripe around its exterior. The stripe is actually a broad-band antenna capable of handling the four different frequencies on which the satellite broadcasts from its two transmitters. When the Transit quartet eventually go aloft, they will be more streamlined, each carrying two solar-powered transmitters (each broadcasting on one frequency) and weighing from 50 lbs. to 100 lbs. v. the present satellite's 265 lbs. Cost estimates: \$1,000,000 apiece to launch, plus \$3,000,000 a year for maintenance.

By launching the satellite, the Navy and the Johns Hopkins scientists have begun to address themselves to a long set of problems. The computation of an ex-



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Al Green	1974	Love and Happiness	Atlantic	Soul	Fourth album
Al Green	1975	Love and Happiness	Atlantic	Soul	Fifth album
Al Green	1976	Love and Happiness	Atlantic	Soul	Sixth album
Al Green	1977	Love and Happiness	Atlantic	Soul	Seventh album
Al Green	1978	Love and Happiness	Atlantic	Soul	Eighth album
Al Green	1979	Love and Happiness	Atlantic	Soul	Ninth album
Al Green	1980	Love and Happiness	Atlantic	Soul	Tenth album
Al Green	1981	Love and Happiness	Atlantic	Soul	Eleventh album
Al Green	1982	Love and Happiness	Atlantic	Soul	Twelfth album
Al Green	1983	Love and Happiness	Atlantic	Soul	Thirteenth album
Al Green	1984	Love and Happiness	Atlantic	Soul	Fourteenth album
Al Green	1985	Love and Happiness	Atlantic	Soul	Fifteenth album
Al Green	1986	Love and Happiness	Atlantic	Soul	Sixteenth album
Al Green	1987	Love and Happiness	Atlantic	Soul	Seventeenth album
Al Green	1988	Love and Happiness	Atlantic	Soul	Eighteenth album
Al Green	1989	Love and Happiness	Atlantic	Soul	Nineteenth album
Al Green	1990	Love and Happiness	Atlantic	Soul	Twentieth album
Al Green	1991	Love and Happiness	Atlantic	Soul	Twenty-first album
Al Green	1992	Love and Happiness	Atlantic	Soul	Twenty-second album
Al Green	1993	Love and Happiness	Atlantic	Soul	Twenty-third album
Al Green	1994	Love and Happiness	Atlantic	Soul	Twenty-fourth album
Al Green	1995	Love and Happiness	Atlantic	Soul	Twenty-fifth album
Al Green	1996	Love and Happiness	Atlantic	Soul	Twenty-sixth album
Al Green	1997	Love and Happiness	Atlantic	Soul	Twenty-seventh album
Al Green	1998	Love and Happiness	Atlantic	Soul	Twenty-eighth album
Al Green	1999	Love and Happiness	Atlantic	Soul	Twenty-ninth album
Al Green	2000	Love and Happiness	Atlantic	Soul	Thirtieth album
Al Green	2001	Love and Happiness	Atlantic	Soul	Thirty-first album
Al Green	2002	Love and Happiness	Atlantic	Soul	Thirty-second album
Al Green	2003	Love and Happiness	Atlantic	Soul	Thirty-third album
Al Green	2004	Love and Happiness	Atlantic	Soul	Thirty-fourth album
Al Green	2005	Love and Happiness	Atlantic	Soul	Thirty-fifth album
Al Green	2006	Love and Happiness	Atlantic	Soul	Thirty-sixth album
Al Green	2007	Love and Happiness	Atlantic	Soul	Thirty-seventh album
Al Green	2008	Love and Happiness	Atlantic	Soul	Thirty-eighth album
Al Green	2009	Love and Happiness	Atlantic	Soul	Thirty-ninth album
Al Green	2010	Love and Happiness	Atlantic	Soul	Fortieth album
Al Green	2011	Love and Happiness	Atlantic	Soul	Forty-first album
Al Green	2012	Love and Happiness	Atlantic	Soul	Forty-second album
Al Green	2013	Love and Happiness	Atlantic	Soul	Forty-third album
Al Green	2014	Love and Happiness	Atlantic	Soul	Forty-fourth album
Al Green	2015	Love and Happiness	Atlantic	Soul	Forty-fifth album
Al Green	2016	Love and Happiness	Atlantic	Soul	Forty-sixth album
Al Green	2017	Love and Happiness	Atlantic	Soul	Forty-seventh album
Al Green	2018	Love and Happiness	Atlantic	Soul	Forty-eighth album
Al Green	2019	Love and Happiness	Atlantic	Soul	Forty-ninth album
Al Green	2020	Love and Happiness	Atlantic	Soul	Fiftieth album

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Associated Press

HOPKINS' KERSHNER

The U.S. space program has recovered.

act orbital path is subject to unforeseen variants; Vanguard I, for example, was pushed slightly out of orbit by pressure of sunlight (TIME, March 28). The ionosphere plays hob with radio waves, could affect the navigators' Doppler measurements. The shape of the earth is still not precisely known, and its subtle variations could lead to serious navigational errors.

But even though the program still has a long way to go, it has already demonstrated one thing. The long sluggish U.S. space program has proved its recovery with a third straight success: last month's Pioneer V (TIME, March 31) has already probed more than 4,500,000 miles into space; and the weather satellite Tiros I (TIME, April 11) last week celebrated its tenth day in orbit by sending home a detailed picture of a cyclonic cloud formation 2,000 miles wide.

Moreover, in the headline news about Transit's potential for navigation, an ordinarily front-page achievement passed all but unnoticed: the second stage (Able-Star) of the rocket that took the satellite up from Canaveral fired, then shut off and coasted, then fired again. It was the first time a rocket engine had been restarted in space.

"The Sound of Security"

Deerfield in western Massachusetts, is a quiet New England village undisturbed since the raids of the French and Indian War. Its elm-sheltered main street is lined with early American houses; at least one resident still drives a horse and gig. But Deerfield is not so serene as it looks: at all too brief intervals, a thunderous boom splits the air, several hundred ancient windows rattle in their frames, and sometimes one breaks.

Like hundreds of other U.S. towns, Deerfield has become an unwilling part of



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a supersonic age. Jets from Westover Air Force Base, 25 miles to the south, blur past overhead—and lower the sonic boom on peaceful Deerfield. "Why can't they go out over the ocean if they want to break the sound barrier?" asks a local schoolteacher. His complaint is as familiar on the West Coast as on the East. And in the last three years, more than 1,000 civilian damage claims, seeking more than \$500,000, have been filed against the U.S.

Actually, the breaking of the sound barrier is nothing more than the point at which the noise is turned on. Air is a fluid, and, above the speed of sound (about 760 m.p.h.), it reacts much like the surface of a lake when a speedboat rips across it: waves go out and roll toward land. The sonic boom occurs when the shock wave from a jet hits the nearby ground. It follows the plane wherever it goes, and the pressure may make a sound equal to ten thunderclaps.

The sonic boom was never so explosive as it was last August, when a U.S.A.F. fighter pilot demonstrated his Lockheed F-104 Starfighter to Canadian officials at Ottawa's Uplands Airport. It was a trial run. Next day the pilot was to put on a show at the dedication of the airport's new terminal building, a great, shiny green-glass cavern with an aluminum and stainless-steel structure. Answering an official's request to see him buzz the field, the pilot swung the Starfighter out in an arc, then leveled and came in low and flat. Like a bullet, he was gone. And—boom—so was the new terminal. Only splinters were left of more than \$10,000 worth of glass; the whole north wall was smashed; tiles fell from the ceiling, and insulating material poured to the floor. Door frames, window frames, and even structural beams were twisted. Damage: \$500,000.

To Air Force public relations men, the sonic boom is a splitting headache, without apparent remedy. "We must learn to live with it," said one recent Air Force release, "for in today's unsettled world we cannot live without it. The boom is unavoidable. It is the sound of security." Even the residents of Deerfield could agree that the point was sound—but that didn't make them like the boom much better.

Bit Talk

The U.S. would probably be the first to arrive on the moon, said a paper-weary executive at San Diego's Convair-Astronautics plant, if it just climbed there on IBM cards. To combat the problem of swollen documents and varicose office memos, Convair-Astronautics Communications Manager Charles T. Newton circulated one of his own (which Convairites promptly proceeded to ignore). Excerpts:

"One responsibility Communication Department: provide rest of Astronautics assistance improving ability transmit information one person to another. Therefore this experiment to improve memos originated Communication Department. If this experiment success in Communication, possibility adoption throughout Astronautics."

"All memoranda inside company, originated by Communication, written in telegraphic style 'bit talk'—wherein include only words needed to move thought along. "This system new, will seem strange for while."

Strange seemed indeed.

Dry Space Run

Just before stepping out of an airtight mock-up nose cone at Ohio's Wright Air Development Center last week, Civilian Engineer Courtney Metzger took a swig of water. "It tastes much better than the ordinary kind in the supply tank," he reported to Space Physician John Paul Stapp. Agreed Stapp: "It's no worse than



Associated Press
METZGER IN CAPSULE

No worse than a cocktail party.

some of the stuff you get at cocktail parties." As part of Project Hermes, a program that aims to give the first space travelers all the comforts of hygiene, the water had been distilled from Metzger's urine.

In the longest test to date of life-sustaining equipment for spacemen, Stapp's Aeromedical Laboratory sealed Metzger away for seven days and nights. Using only as much power as solar batteries would provide, the experiment tested water-disposal and odor-removal systems; other devices ranging from a thermoelectric refrigerator to a tiny oven built to heat toothpaste-type tubes of mashed potatoes, vegetables and turkey.

Metzger ate twice a day (he lost 4 lbs.), read the Bible, watched TV through a window in the 7-ft. diameter cone, slept only six hours a night but made up for it by lying on his back some twelve hours a day, doing nothing at all. Sheets of potassium superoxide absorbed his breath, removed the potentially poisonous carbon dioxide and released the fresh oxygen that he lived on all week. He came through so well that the space doctors are now at last ready to try the test in the weightless condition of actual space, first with animals, then with men.



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SHOW BUSINESS

TELEVISION

The Future: FeeVee

Pay TV will get a thorough test in the U.S.—and soon. The fact seemed inevitable last week, as another “free” but dismal TV season was running out, and more and more plans were firming up for what the phrasemakers in the trade are beginning to call FeeVee. Items:

¶ Heartened by reports from the Toronto suburb of Etobicoke, where International Telemeter Corp. is trying toll television (TIME, March 14) in competition with three regular channels from Buffalo and two from Toronto, Chicago's Zenith Radio Corp., in association with RKO General, is asking the FCC for permission to make a similar test in Hartford.

¶ Oklahoma Entrepreneur Henry Grifing, who rushed wired FeeVee to Bartlesville three years ago, and failed, is ready to try again—this time with a network spread over three dozen towns in the Southwest.

¶ West Coast baseball teams, which have blacked out local broadcasts of home games, are anxiously awaiting a crack at pay TV.

¶ Telemeter (a subsidiary of Paramount Pictures) is already planning another test, this time in the suburbs of Manhattan, and is preparing such packages as Gian Carlo Menotti's *The Medium* on both film and tape. In charge: newly appointed Executive Producer Jean Dalrymple, Broadway veteran and director of the theater wing of New York's City Center.

Future Problems. Toll TV's opponents, who tried to convince the FCC that even a test of pay TV must be avoided at all costs, could do little about Etobicoke. The Canadian town is not only outside FCC jurisdiction, but the Telemeter closed-circuit system uses leased cables, not the public air waves. Affirmative results are piling up. Of 13,000 homes that are potential FeeVee customers, close to 4,000 have subscribed (initial fee: \$5). New installations of the coin boxes—they fit any standard TV set—are going on at the rate of 100 a day. With a choice of three pay channels, stay-at-home patrons are happily shelling out for first-run movies (a sampling: *A Summer Place*, *The Gazebo*, *Sink the Bismarck*) at the rate of \$1 for a two-hour show every evening for the family (the cost of one ticket to a downtown movie). Children can chip in nickels and dimes toward the cost of their favorite shows, buy the likes of *Tom Thumb* and *Gulliver's Travels* for a quarter on Sunday afternoons. Father is staying home for sports events he cannot tune in free, and during the day Telemeter broadcasts music free.

“We're delighted,” says one Canadian telemeter user, H. W. Wilcox. “We used to go to the movie, about twice a year. Now we go twice a week and have all the comforts of home.” Rare is the Etobicoke citizen who disagrees. Yet, despite the obvious novelty of the electronic gim-



Gilbert A. Miles
TORONTO FAN PAYING FOR TV
Coins and commercials...

mick, local moviehouses so far report no drop in attendance. And no one yet has reported a wayward child's spending too much money for shows the family cannot afford—a favorite prediction of pay TV opponents.

There are problems ahead, admits Eugene Fitzgibbons, Telemeter's Canadian boss. The cost of collecting the cash from coin boxes in subscribers' homes is still uncertain; the reliability of the coin boxes themselves is still unproven. No one is yet sure of the public's long-run taste in home movies or sports shows, nor can anyone be certain how business will fall



Associated Press
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... may coexist.

off when families move out of town for the summer.

Dismal Prediction. U.S. experiments face similar uncertainties. The Hartford test, for example, will transmit its pictures over the air rather than by cable, requiring a complicated unscrambling device in each home. Instead of Telemeter's pay-as-you-see plan, there may be a charge account for home entertainment, a tempting feature that could cause trouble. Above all, will programs freed from sponsor and ad-agency control be better than the offerings of sponsor-supported networks? NBC President Robert Sarnoff argues that they will not, that pay TV will have to track down the mass audience just as the commercial networks do now, and in the end the home-bought product will be indistinguishable from the networks' present offering.

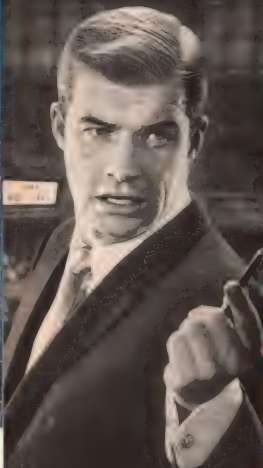
Not so, counter pay-TV partisans: the toll system will allow quality shows to find their own markets, should be able to cover for its paying armchair audiences many toptouch attractions that have been inaccessible to TV so far—opera at the Met, Broadway shows, first-run movies. Sarnoff's dismal prediction, say pay TV's supporters, merely represents a part of the networks' long lobbying against pay TV. Pay proponents have complained to the FCC that the networks have editorialized against them on the air, formulated a phony “grass roots” campaign to impress Congressmen, taunted kids with the prediction that Rin Tin Tin would disappear if pay TV were authorized.

But even as they are fighting, the networks are facing up to the probability that they will lose. In a statement implying that pay TV would corrupt the public interest for selfish purposes, CBS President Frank Stanton has nevertheless assured stockholders that if the worst happened, CBS is prepared to take the pay way too. And the trade nurtures the rumor that NBC has a toll system in the works. “If the pay system develops,” said President Sarnoff early this year, “free television, as we know it, would face disintegration, and we would have no alternative but to join the coin collectors of the future.”

Sneaking In. Speaking for the “coin collectors,” Telemeter's West Coast spokesman, Paul MacNamara, is only too happy to agree. “If the networks want to survive,” says he, “they're going to have to find a way to introduce material of high quality. Maybe we'll do the public a service by forcing them to do this. They will never do it voluntarily.” But though he is convinced that pay TV is coming soon, MacNamara does not expect to see it on a national scale in the near future. It will sneak in, he feels, from the suburbs. “Nobody just comes in and says, ‘I'm going to wire up New York or Los Angeles.’ There isn't that much money in the world. You get at the big cities through satellites. If you want L.A., you wire up Santa Monica, Pasadena, Long Beach, Anaheim. Then you move in gradually from there.”

Actually, the coin collectors and the

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From the Men's Division of Revlon

commercial pluggers may well coexist. Says Producer Dalrymple: "I think pay TV is wonderful, but I don't think it will take the place of TV as we know it. It will be an addition to what we have."

THE ROAD

Luxury in the Sticks

The road used to mean extreme discomforts for audiences as well as touring actors, while Broadway theaters were havens of relaxation. Today the situation is just about reversed. "Broadway is ostensibly the center of the theater industry," said Actor Brian Aherne last week, recalling a cross-country tour of *Dear Liar* (TIME March 28), "But it is elsewhere,



HUNTINGTON HARTFORD THEATER
On Broadway, only orange drink.

all over the U.S., that you find the modern facilities and the new theaters."

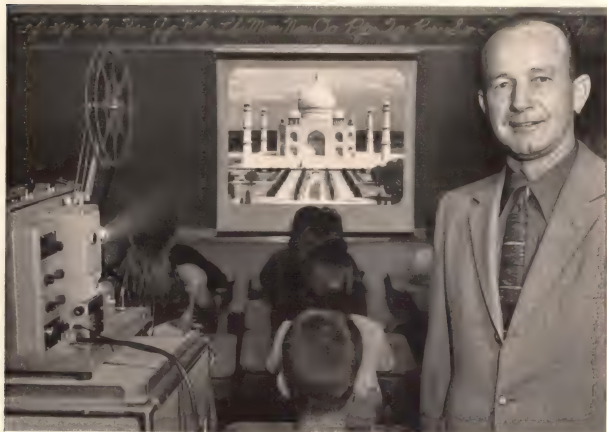
Among the best, Dallas' 410-seat Kalita Humphreys Theater, designed by Frank Lloyd Wright, which has a turntable stage flanked by two side stages; a unique lighting system; superstereophonic acoustics; Palm Beach's 813-seat Royal Poinciana Playhouse, whose stage apron curves out to provide more acting area or, in the case of a musical, slides back to open an orchestra pit; Hollywood's 1,024-seat Huntington Hartford Theater, lavishly decorated with relief sculpture, Phoenix' 524-seat Sombreno Playhouse, which includes clubroom and an art gallery.

All of these theaters in "the sticks" have decent dressing rooms and spacious lobbies, must also have bars or restaurants. By contrast, most Broadway houses have creaky stage machinery, dirty, badly ventilated dressing rooms, cramped auditoriums and lobbies, offer no food or drink beyond the usual soapy orange juice. There are some notable exceptions. Aherne concedes, but generally, "Broadway comforts are so poor I am surprised people go to the theater at all."

TIME, APRIL 25, 1960



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Four Minutes to Go

Teacher John Vernon, 30, of St. Stephen's (Anglican) school in Burnley, England, is known for giving his ten-year-olds prickly essay themes. Recently, Vernon told the youngsters that Britain's new early warning radar system would keep just four minutes before the inbound swoosh of a nuclear missile. "Would there be any way of escape?" asked one little girl. "None," Vernon replied firmly as he announced the essay assignment for the day: Describe "My Last Four Minutes."

The kids tackled it with imagination. Wrote Jean Francis: "I would collect my grandmamma in my father's car, and we would set off to get away as far as possible." Lesley Ann Brown also wanted to help others: "I would buy an airplane and take up as many friends as I could." James Hough would wait in the garden: "I would pray that it would land in the sea and do no damage." One girl decided to stab herself to death with a carving knife ("It would be quicker that way"). Billy Peart wrote stoutly: "I would make sure we could press the button which would send our rockets back to Russia."

Delighted with the results, Teacher Vernon failed to observe a simple fact: the children were terrified. "I was crying when I wrote my essay," said Jean Francis. "So were Lesley Brown, Vicky Weir and Susan Howarth." Complained one mother: "My little girl came home sobbing about an H-bomb. Now she doesn't go upstairs in the dark." Jean Francis' father gruffed: "This could upset their whole lives."

Last week school officials met to debate the matter. "Perhaps children should be made aware of possible disaster," said the Rev. Alan Clark, dean of Burnley. "But I do feel they should be spared undue emotional stress." Headmaster Rowland Williams, an old soldier, refused to censure Vernon: "I fully support him. There is no harm in children's being brought face to face with reality."

Visiting Professor

In slumbering New Delhi it was 3 o'clock in the morning. But in a house awash with books, fierce Indian masks, and a bicycle parked in the bathtub, an exuberant American professor-journalist had not yet finished with the day before. At the University of Delhi he had needled his Indian students ("Press me hard!"). At dinner he had depth-probed uncomfortable Socialist Leader Acharya Kripalani. Now, stabbing an ancient Hermes portable, he batted out another column for 15 newspapers from Bombay to Boston. Burred he: "It's sheer expressionism. Sheer joy."

For protean, pug-faced Max Lerner, 57, expressionism is the word. As a New York Post-based columnist, he freely tackles anything—sex, sin, psychology, God, god, politics. As a U.S. historian (Brandeis University), he refuses to be typed: "In an era of the specialist, I make an appeal

for the vocation of the generalist."

The Russian-born son of an itinerant teacher of Hebrew, Lerner was brought to the U.S. at five, grew up mainly in New Haven. After Yale ('23), he ricocheted into the academic world with a Ph.D. in economics. In the '30s he was a quasi-Marxist (teaching at Harvard, Sarah Lawrence, Williams) who viewed the U.S. as ripe for fascism. When the country survived, Lerner got a crush on it, three years ago produced a sweeping, vibrant, 1,036-page paean, *America as a Civilization* (Simon & Schuster; \$10). Last fall the admiring Ford Foundation



MAX LERNER

T. S. Solyan

Healthy discontent is healthy.

sent him for a year to Delhi University's Indian School of International Studies to soak graduate students in U.S. lore—and in his own passion for action.

"Like a Cow?" For Indian university students, Expressionist Lerner is a new breed of cat. He is at home in one sense: "This is without question the wordiest, talking-st civilization I have ever encountered." But the talk of smugly anti-materialist intellectuals is no match for blitz-tongued Professor Lerner.

Lerner loves to provoke students ("Thrilling," says one) who spout Gandhi's idealism—and refuse to get their hands dirty in the new world. When they insist that poverty-stricken India is nonetheless "contented," Lerner snaps back: "Like a cow?" He points to the U.S. experience. A healthy discontent, says he, is the key to "social dynamism." The lack of this quality, he adds, is what ails India.

"No Gentleman." Professor Lerner has never confined his lectures to the classroom. At frequent dinner parties ("Max's seminars"), he probes and harries top



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Billions of dollars in cash and securities—even the nation's gold at Fort Knox—rest secure behind steel vault doors. Because they protect most of the country's liquid assets, bank vaults must be impervious to fire, flood, and earthquake. Yet 30-ton giants like the one above can be swung open with the flick of a secretary's finger.

Vault engineers have solved such knotty problems as controlling inside

temperatures, so that when a fire is raging outside, the contents of the vault are protected from charring and blackening, remaining in perfect condition. High-quality steel plates, welded together in layers, reduce heat pass-through to a minimum.

If you should be locked inside by mistake, it's rather easy to get out, but just about impossible to get in—unless, of course, you have the combinations. And bank robbery—when

the steel vault doors are shut and locked—belongs strictly to the world of television.

Vault doors like the one shown above are made from steel plates rolled by Bethlehem at Sparrows Point, Md., the country's largest steel plant, and at Johnstown, Pa.

Plates have other important uses in shipbuilding, bridges, large-diameter pipe, storage tanks, freight cars, and heavy machinery.

BETHLEHEM STEEL



Indian leaders like a one-man *Meet the Press*. In his seven months in New Delhi he has also reported India's (and Asia's) slow awakening to the meaning of Red China. "For the first time," he wrote in one column, "they are coming to understand that the true imperialists may actually be Asians."

Lerner has even done his bit toward the awakening. Fortnight ago he cornered leftward Defense Minister Krishna Menon, got him to admit that the "unknown" planes buzzing India's frontier were, of course, Red China's. Front-paged in India, Lerner's story evoked angry opposition questions, a fudging denial from Menon. Huffed Menon: "Lerner is no gentleman. An English journalist would never report what was said over tea." This week Lerner will end his double educational mission in India by covering the Nehru-Chou talks and holding his last seminar. He leaves with mixed feelings. Nowhere else has he found students so "intellectually hungry" and yet so lacking in "a sense of mission." India is tough on a teacher whose chief creed is that of Mr. Justice Holmes: "It is required of a man that he should take part in the actions and passions of his time, at the peril of being judged not to have lived."

Catching the Ghosts

Student cheating irks teachers—but what about teachers cheating?

In New York City last week, six professional ghostwriters were arrested on grand jury information that they cheated on behalf of 25 clients at 14 institutions of higher learning. Of the 25 clients, all granted immunity, nine were New York public school teachers. To "earn" higher degrees and raise their status, they hired hacks and thought nothing of it.

On 35 counts, the ghosts were charged with writing or offering to write papers and theses, some for Ph.D. candidates. The fees: \$25 to \$3,000. It was no small-bore haunting. According to New York District Attorney Frank Hogan, the ghosts served "hundreds" of other clients, who live beyond his jurisdiction.

Sparked by a New York *World-Telegram* and *Sun* exposé (TIME, March 7), the grand jury investigation disrobed seasoned ghosts. Among them: Morris Needleman, 52, assistant principal of a Brooklyn elementary school, and Joseph Lasky, 72, who advertised himself as a former instructor at New York University. Slickest of all: debonair Freelance Writer James Buttery, who is charged with taking an exam in adolescent psychology for a dullard student at Columbia's Teachers College. Though Buttery is a grey-haired ghost of 54 and his client was 23, officials suspected nothing.

Such indifference is nothing new. Though the law limits Hogan to prosecuting offenses committed in the past two years, he believes that crooked thesis-writing and exam-taking has flourished for at least two decades. Nor is it limited to New York. "It is fair to conclude," says Hogan, "that the practice is widespread in the country."



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RELIGION



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Mrs. Minister

"Don't marry a minister unless you have passed the inspection and educational qualifications demanded by district superintendent, bishop, laymen, preacher, *et al.* Then think again."

This word of warning was uttered by someone who knows—an anonymous U.S. minister's wife, one of thousands canvassed in a three-year study now being conducted by Presbyterian William G. Douglas, 35, assistant professor of psychology of religion at Boston University's School of Theology. Psychologist Douglas is only a third of the way through "Project MW," which will eventually include material from one in every 20 ministers' wives in the U.S., but his detailed questionnaires and interviews have already yielded notable returns.

On the Pedestal. On the whole, says Dr. Douglas, ministers' wives feel that their lives have been enriched by their husbands' work. But many are irked at the tendency of congregations to put them on a pedestal. "In one of our parishes," wrote one, "the ladies shoved me out of the kitchen, saying, 'We don't feel that the minister's wife should have to wash dishes.' In another parish everyone else went home, leaving the minister and myself doing *all* the dishes after a reception."

In a summary of the findings to date, written by Douglas in the form of a "Memo from a Minister's Wife," the typical MW tells the congregation: "Please realize that my husband's vocation does not automatically make me an inspirational speaker, or confident group leader, or talented singer, or piano player, or even church schoolteacher . . ."

Hearing of the Douglas survey, some prominent MWs have given their own opinions. The wife of President Eisenhower's Presbyterian pastor, Mrs. Edward L. R. Elson, is impatient with any talk

about the difficulties involved: "I think they're all dividends, myself." Mrs. John Wesley Lord, wife of the Resident Methodist Bishop in the Boston Area, agrees that "the satisfactions are unique and abundant. A minister's wife has a whole congregation to love and call hers. And she's also blessed with the services of the best doctors, dentists, and other professional men in the community—and often free of charge." Says Mrs. Edwin T. Dahlberg, married (for 41 years) to the president of the National Council of Churches: "When you go to a new town, everybody is there to welcome you. You have people's confidence."

In the Goldfish Bowl. Minister Douglas (himself married for eight years) came across surprisingly few complaints about the two stock ministerial miseries: low salaries and goldfish-bowl living. On the other hand, one MW problem he did not expect to find with such frequency is the wife's own need for pastoral counseling.

"So often you are too tired at the end of a wearing day either to share your thoughts with me or to listen to mine," his typical MW writes to her husband. "Often I am in need of someone to listen to my problems, to answer my spiritual questions, and to fill my emotional needs. To whom can I turn if you are not my pastor as well as my husband? I wonder sometimes if in the concentration on your professional duties, our own religious life is not in danger of becoming superficial and mechanical."

Skirts & Sacraments

In Stockholm's Great Church, lights blazed and television cameras blinked one day last week as Lutheran Bishop Helge Ljungberg solemnly placed an alb and gold-embroidered chasuble over the shoul-



THE REV. MARGIT SAHLIN
But no silence.



MRS. JOHN WESLEY LORD
Unique satisfactions.

ders of a brand-new minister in Sweden's Lutheran state church. The minister: Elisabeth Durlé, 30, who studied pharmacology before she switched to theology, plans to be a suburban curate. Also ordained elsewhere on the same day: Ingrid Persson, 48, who passed her theological exams in 1936 and has been a deaconess since 1949; Margit Sahlin, 46, who is already a member of the Central Committee of the World Council of Churches and secretary of the Swedish Deacon Foundation.

The ordination of the first female ministers in Sweden recalls a longstanding ecclesiastical dispute (TIME, Oct. 21, 1957). A few Protestant denominations in the U.S. (*e.g.*, the Northern Presbyterians and the Methodists) have some female ministers. But to many Christians, the ordination of women was still a long and revolutionary way from the admonishment of Paul the Apostle to the Corinthians: "Let your women keep silence in the churches" (1 Corinthians 14:34). At least one of the antifeminist fears—the thought of a pregnant woman in a pulpit—was no immediate prospect. All three ministeresses are unmarried.

The Importance of Atheism

Religion is immensely important to atheists—as was demonstrated once again last week in Moscow by the Scandal of Sasha Turkin.

Sasha was an honor student in the tenth grade of Moscow's School No. 147. Naturally he applied for membership in the Komsomol, the Communist Youth Organization. But just as the classroom vote on him was about to be taken, according to Moscow's *Komsomolskaya Pravda*, his friend, Vitali, tried to make everyone laugh by asking Sasha a stupid question: "Do you believe in God?" "Yes," replied Sasha in a hushed voice. "I do."

Inna, the girl friend who had sponsored



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CARELESS EATERS—teen-agers, in particular, who snack on the run—often do not get a proper balance of nutrients. Kellogg's Concentrate can help round out their sketchy meals because it contributes a high concentration of protein, vitamins and minerals. Why not mix Kellogg's Concentrate into the hamburgers they're so fond of? Sprinkle it generously on salads and ice cream, too. Use it in sandwich fillings.



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KELLOGG'S OF BATTLE CREEK



Sasha's application, blushed crimson, and Vitali paled in horror. Then, according to *Komsomolskaya Pravda*, everybody decided that it was just too ridiculous—good old Sasha must have been kidding—and they accepted him anyway. Later, when his membership came up for confirmation by the school Komsomol committee, he admitted once again that he believed in God. His father had been giving him Bible instruction ever since he was a little boy. But when Sasha denied going to church or wearing a cross, the committee decided to confirm his membership.

All this, intoned *Komsomolskaya Pravda*, is symptomatic of a dreadful laxity. First, if Sasha's classmates had been the militant atheists they should have been, they would have found out about his non-atheism earlier and gone to work on him. And second, they should never have admitted him. "In our country," lectured *Komsomolskaya Pravda*, "the first country of mass atheism in the world, religion is a citizen's private affair. But how can Komsomol members consider religion a private affair when it affects the Komsomol? They were not admitting him to a club of pigeon fanciers, but to a political organization!"

In general, complained *Literature and Life* not long ago, irreligion is lax, while religion is zealous. Not only did the Communists fail with a program of building youth clubs, so that churches now outnumber clubhouses in some areas, but the churches are warmer and cozier than the clubs. Example: without openly taking the offensive, but "quietly and peacefully," the Russian Orthodox Church has infiltrated the industrial region around Perm in the Urals, so that "alongside the universities of culture, universities of obscurantist flourish." Unlike the propagandists for atheism, "these holy fathers are not deterred from their duties either by cold or by impassable roads."

"Segregation Is Immoral"

During the Little Rock segregation crisis, Roman Catholic parochial schools of Arkansas seemed so safely segregated that many Protestant parents began sending their children to them. The Roman Catholic Bishop of Little Rock, Albert Louis Fletcher, 63, kept silent during the public school hassle, despite his own strong statement in favor of the Supreme Court desegregation decision in 1954 and the consistent anti-segregation policy of the Catholic hierarchy in the South. But last week Fletcher published an "Elementary Catholic Catechism on the Morality of Segregation and Racial Discrimination." Main points:

¶ "Segregation as we know it in Arkansas is immoral."

¶ The habit of racial segregation is a vice and can be a grave sin "when the act of racial prejudice committed is a serious infraction of the law of justice or charity."

¶ Catholics may not be members of organizations "whose purpose is to continue segregation as we know it . . . because by so doing, they are promoting a system which is unjust and uncharitable."



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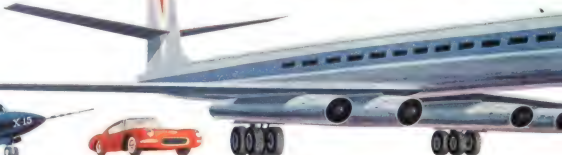
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MUSIC

The Rug in the Icebox

As he tells it, Choreographer George Balanchine likes to create a ballet by "opening the icebox door," rummaging around inside and producing random combinations that look "appetizing." Sometimes he finds pretty strange things in the icebox. His latest discovery: a rug. Balanchine was inspired by an analysis by Orientalist Arthur Upham Pope of the formal structure of Persian carpets, in which the patterns were compared to polyphony in music and some of the figures to fertility symbols. The resulting work, a diverse, pseudo-Oriental affair titled *The Figure in the Carpet*, had its premiere last week

(*The Water Music* and *Royal Fireworks Music* by Handel). But as pure dance spectacle, it was top-shelf Balanchine.

Manhattan witnessed other dance premières last week that made Balanchine's carpet look like a quiet family heirloom. **Q** José Limón and company offered *Baren Sceptre*, a ballet treatise (music by Gunther Schuller) on the complicated family life of the Macbeths. The lights had scarcely come up on Macbeth, dressed entirely in black, when a pair of lavender arms sprouted from his shoulders, and presently Lady Macbeth slithered into view. For much of the rest of the piece the two swooped about the stage in convulsive

and in a sense most modern—productions ever accorded Mozart's *Don Giovanni*. For all the Met's fine performances this year, the NBC Opera Company's TV version last week stood out as a high point of the opera season. Usually, English translations of opera have the incongruous effect of a grey flannel suit at a fancy dress ball, but this time Poet W. H. Auden and Collaborator Chester Kallman managed to provide language that was not ridiculed by the music or drowned by it; the TV microphone clearly picked out the words that, in an opera house, usually fail to cross the orchestra pit. As a result with the exception of a few close calls on batons, NBC's gingery *Don Giovanni* played almost like a new story.

In a first-rate cast under Conductor Peter Herman Adler, Bass Cesare Siepi



Friedman/Abate

BALANCHINE'S "FIGURE IN THE CARPET"



LIMÓN & KÖNER AS MACBETHS

Also fertility symbols, lavender arms and an audience coughing.



Ben Morla

PASSLOFF & COMPANY IN "CYPHER"

with the New York City Ballet, proved to be one of the company's most engaging productions.

In the first part of the ballet, Choreographer Balanchine tells the story of how the rug was woven somewhere in the desert: a swarm of ballerinas, supported by male dancers passing for nomad tribesmen, weave an elaborate cat's cradle of streamers, their movements as intricate and precise as the shuttling of a power loom. Then the story moves on to the Persian court, and the rest of the ballet is merely a "court entertainment," a kind of Balanchine variety show. In a swirl of color, foreign visitors to the court strut the stage dressed in everything from the gaudily feathered headdress of West Indians to the pink and gold garb of Eastern potentates. Highlights of the evening: a fluently elegant *pas de deux* between Jacques d'Amboise and Melissa Hayden, and a rousing Scottish number whose stately classical movements were abruptly interrupted by the splayed gestures of a country reel.

None of it seemed to have much to do with carpets, fertility symbols, the inside of an icebox, or the accompanying score

frenzies, occasionally coming together like wrestlers grappling for a hold.

Q A new company headed by Aileen Passloff, one of the more highly praised avant-garde dancers, performed works that at times seemed closer to calisthenics than choreography. In *At Home*, the dancers brought out an ironing board and chairs, spent much of their time exuberantly thumping the floor with their heels to the taped ringing of bells, rubbing of balloons, and the off-key screech of misplayed violins. In *Arena*, the dancers did push-ups while an accompanist whistled *Yankee Doodle*. Appropriately, the series ended with a piece called *Cypher*, done to the sound (electronically altered) of an audience coughing during a dance recital.

Gingery Giovanni

Together let us purely
Indulge a whim we surely
Are faultless to fulfill.
For nobleman and peasant
While doing what is pleasant
Cannot be doing ill.

These tinkly lyrics are not from a vintage operetta but from one of the best—

was superb as the don, his voice smooth and resonant, his acting a marvel of revealing, reflex-quick responses to the camera's eye. In one of the opera's musical high points, the Act I love duet of Giovanni and Zerlina (Soprano Judith Raskin), Siepi gave his mahogany tones a range of inflections—ardor, indignation, surprise—that told the viewer in the twist of a phrase everything about the don he needed to know. Less effective than Siepi dramatically, Negro Soprano Leontyne Price sang the role of Donna Anna in a richly textured voice, with dead-sure marksmanship and apparent power to spare. (Her appearance caused the rejection of the show by eleven of NBC's Southern affiliates.)

The only dissonant notes in the performance were the wildly off-key plugs delivered for the Florists' Telegraph Delivery Association, which sponsored the show. Even nimble TV veterans found it difficult to switch from a mourning Donna Anna ("The shade of my father For vengeance it cries!") to a bedridden salesman receiving a bouquet of flowers with a happy cry: "Why, it's from the boys in the branch office!"

MEDICINE

Psychiatry in Prison

"I'm grown up now and I've got to recognize it," said the wavy-haired, blue-eyed Irish type from Oxnard, Calif. "Next time out, I'm going to try to get a job in San Francisco instead of going home. I don't want to go back to the same old temptations. And I can't go on being dependent on my folks. I'm not a kid any more." At 35, he has spent half his adult years in prison.

A hawk-nosed alcoholic from northern California asked the Oxnard man what he was running away from. The answer: "I

ther is organized psychiatry. As Kansas' famed Dr. Karl (*Man Against Himself*) Menninger puts it: "The sinners whose sins are inexplicable to laymen are officially labeled 'the insane'; those whom we think we understand . . . are officially labeled 'criminals.'" What has happened is that, largely under Dr. Menninger's prodding, U.S. criminologists and penologists are seeing more lawbreakers as mentally ill and fewer as "simply" criminal.

One end of the sprawling, ten-wing stucco structure outside Vacaville in Central Valley houses the reception-guidance center where all male felons convicted in

six fulltime psychiatrists among the 14 M.D.s on his staff (plus 23 clinical psychologists and others equipped to lead group therapy). Dr. Keating can use only broad-stroke methods with the 700 patients rated as good treatment prospects. Chief Psychiatrist Knut H. Houck uses a variety of tranquilizing drugs for agitated patients and psychic energizers for the depressed. He hopes soon to try LSD-25 (*TIME*, March 28) to make psychotherapy more effective, especially in narcotic addiction and alcoholism.

Is prison psychiatry successful? Precise figures comparing crime-repeat rates after Medical Facility treatment and after ordinary imprisonment contain no pat answer, because of the way inmates are assigned and legal technicalities (e.g., a paroled felon is thrown back in the pen for committing a misdemeanor, though he may be close to "going straight"). A research program is under way to grade the expectations for a prisoner's future when he is committed, and test this prediction against his later performance.

In the occupational-therapy room last week, scores of prisoner-patients were making ceramics, doing woodwork and bookbinding, or putting their conflicts on canvas—some in the most modern non-objective manner, others in representational styles recalling the tortured figures of Goya and the climbing workers of Rivera. From a low-fi record player came the inspirational strains of Beethoven's *Eroica*. The California Medical Facility is still a prison, but a prison with a difference.

Cancer Command

Named this week to be overall head of the U.S.'s greatest complex of cancer research and treatment activities was Dr. John Roderick Heller, 55 (*TIME* Cover, July 27). After twelve years as director of the Federal Government's National Cancer Institute, Rod Heller will move July 1 to Manhattan as first president of a newly integrated Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center. In effect he succeeds the late great Dr. Cornelius Packard Rhoads (*TIME*, Aug. 24), but with unified command responsibility. Dr. Rhoads's research job, as director of Sloan-Kettering Institute, has already been filled by Dr. Frank L. Horsfall Jr.

Too Many Drugs?

Some drugs that are aggressively peddled by pharmaceutical manufacturers may do more harm than good, and the facts that physicians need to know about them may be concealed for commercial reasons. These charges against the industry were made last week by two outspoken physicians, one with personal experience in the business, the other a university expert on its products.

Dr. Arthur Dale Console, 46, former medical research director for E. R. Squibb & Sons, told the Senate Antitrust Subcommittee (*TIME*, Dec. 21), chaired by Tennessee's Democrat Estes Kefauver, that many drugs of high price but low medicinal value are being foisted on doctors



DR. HOUCK & THERAPY GROUP AT VACAVILLE
"They can't cure you of what you did."

Harry Redt

don't think it's running away. It's learning to live with yourself. Even after you get out, you're still an ex-con. They can't cure you of what you did that got you in here. You've got to live with that."

Separating Sinners. Last week the man from Oxnard was "talking it out" in a group psychotherapy session at the California Medical Facility in Vacaville, where he is now confined. With him were eight other convicted felons and Psychologist Gerald Berton. Most striking was the fact that Psychologist Berton, in charge of the twice-weekly, one-hour session, had the least to say.

The five-year-old Facility at Vacaville, a prison and mental hospital rolled into one, is virtually unique in the U.S.* Reason for its existence is the view, slowly spreading in the U.S. since the 1920s, that underlying most criminal conduct is emotional disturbance or outright mental illness. Carried to its logical extreme, this would mean abolishing prisons and putting all convicted criminals under psychiatric treatment. Society is far from ready for anything so visionary, and nei-

California's northern 47 counties are studied for six to ten weeks. No treatment is given here, but all the men get exhaustive testing (IQ, aptitude, personality, "violence potential"). Mainly on the psychologists' advice, the state Department of Corrections then decides what prison to send them to—a maximum-security pen or a relatively open one.

The Broad Brush. The curative rather than punitive goal of the Medical Facility proper is proclaimed by the staff of Aesculapius over its main entrance. One-third or more of its 1,350 inmates are in for crimes involving violence—from robbery to rape and murder. Most of the rest are burglars, bad-check artists, or men caught up in the narcotics racket. Alcoholism is the commonest complicating factor, and a prison branch of A.A. offers help. By administrative fiat, but for no good psychiatric reason, all homosexuals rated as "effeminate" or "aggressive" are housed in a single cell block. These are among the least hopeful cases.

Says Superintendent William C. Keating Jr., 39, specialty-trained in administrative psychiatry at the Menninger Foundation: "Treating psychiatric patients as individuals is like painting canoes. I'm more of a muralist and like to work with a broader brush." With only

* Founded earlier was the Medical Center for Federal Prisoners at Springfield, Mo., but over-crowding has defeated its purpose and led to inmate riots.

"The Forward Look" in engineering paperwork

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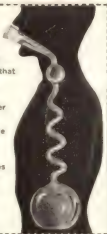
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and patients. Dr. Console emphasized that he was testifying about the industry as a whole and not as a witness against Squibb. (After recurrent bouts with tuberculosis, he quit the company to go into private practice in Princeton, N.J.) Then Dr. Console declared: "The incidence of disease cannot be manipulated, so increased sales volume must depend at least in part on the use of drugs . . . improperly prescribed."

The industry, Dr. Console noted, wears a cloak of "self-proclaimed virtue" for its costly research activities, stressing "that there are many failures for each successful drug." But, he charged, "the problem is that they market so many of their failures." Under present law, a new drug may be marketed, "if it cannot be shown that it probably will kill too many people." Reluctantly, Dr. Console concluded, he is convinced that sweeping reforms dictated by federal law are the only solution, because a company that tried to live up to higher ethical standards could not survive in today's competition.

The keenness of that competition was emphasized by Ohio State University's Professor (of pharmacology) Chauncey D. Leake, 63, who is also president of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. The drug companies, said Dr. Leake, treat the nation's physicians as "simpletons" by flooding them with "flamboyant, exaggerated advertisements." And "these ads conceal for commercial reasons what is really essential for physicians to know." The 30,000 "detail men" (salesmen who call on doctors) seldom give the physician the scientific background necessary for wise use of a new drug. "If promotional efforts were simpler and more informative," Dr. Leake contended, drug prices could be cut.

A Diller a Dollar

An anti-inflationary note was introduced into cancer research last week. Dr. David A. Karnofsky reported that for preliminary testing of anti-cancer drugs he uses the fertilized egg of the sand dollar—a lowly echinoderm, kin of the starfish, and a delight to beachcombing children.

The eggs, fertilized in a finger bowl with five drops of sand-dollar sperm, were put into the individual compartments of a plastic ice-cube tray (100 eggs to a "cube"), and kept in sea water. As they grew, Dr. Karnofsky added various concentrations of drugs known to be useful in treating cancer and noted the kind and degree of their effects. Against this base line, he could test hitherto untried substances and estimate their probable usefulness against cancer. The method will not replace the testing of drugs in animals, Dr. Karnofsky told the American Association for Cancer Research, but will serve as a preview.

One economic advantage: the sand dollar's eggs respond to minute amounts of drugs which are often scarce and expensive. Also, the sand dollar belies its name—its eggs cost nothing but the effort of collecting parent stock at Mount Desert, Me., where Dr. Karnofsky did his work.



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THE PRESS

The South & South Africa

In the U.S. South, it is "segregation." In South Africa it is *apartheid*. By either name, it means racial trouble. What does the Southern press have to say of recent conflict in South Africa? And what does the South African press say of Negro sit-ins in the U.S. South?

With rare exceptions, Southern papers carried full wire service accounts of South Africa's violent scene, generally gave the story the news play it deserved. But the prickly matter of editorializing on a foreign problem so close to home has been met in gingerly fashion.

Most Southern editorial pages simply ignored South Africa. Some took refuge in the obvious: observed the Richmond *Times Dispatch*, "The attempted assassination of Prime Minister Verwoerd emphasizes once again the explosive nature of South Africa's dilemma." There were a few scattered voices of reason. Inquired the Tampa *Tribune*: "How could the white supremacists expect the Negroes to submit indefinitely to degradation and oppression in their own land?"

The voice of white supremacy rang defiantly in the Birmingham *News*, which referred to South African Negroes as "extras from a Hollywood safari movie." The Charleston *News and Courier* ("South Carolina's Most Outspoken Newspaper") used the assassination attempt to draw a parallel with Southern white integrationists: "The fact that it was a white man, not a native, who shot Verwoerd should surprise no one. Though racial revolution has spread across the Dark Continent, it would be easily put down but for the white men whose feelings of guilt, fear or misplaced idealism drive them to fight against their own breed." The Dallas *News*, while sympathizing with the extremist view, wistfully acknowledged that white domination was gone with the winds of change: "That idea may not be as dead as the dodo—South Africa proves it is not—but it is as little respected nowadays as the divine right of kings."

If the Southern press had trouble charting an editorial course through South Africa, the South African press, in turn, discovered that the racial tension in the U.S. South was no editorial problem at all. The easy solution: silence.

Changing Times

A city in which explosive change is routine, Los Angeles has always counted on one unchanging and unchangeable institution: the wealthy, well-edited Los Angeles *Times* (circ. 526,800). Last week came proof that even the *Times* can change. Handsome, grey-haired Norman Chandler, 60, publisher for the last 19 years, announced that he is relinquishing that post to his only son Otis, 32.

To *Times* readers, the paper may appear, at least for a while, like the same old *Times*. As such, it is a capably staffed newspaper with the biggest bulk west of

Chicago. Where other newspapers send one reporter after a local story, the *Times* may send a squad, then run everything they write. This produces coverage so exhaustive that the editor of a rival daily once remarked that the *Times* was "put together with a shovel." Enduringly conservative in its policies, stubbornly sedate in a city that invented Hollywood, the *Times* has long gazed contentedly over its sprawling domain. The notion of its getting nervous about any sort of competition seemed highly improbable.

But a couple of well-heeled outlanders have recently edged into the territory the *Times* considers its own. In February, the Cowles organization moved west with

was a characteristic way of reading the *Times* for whatever the future may hold (he will stay on as president of the parent Los Angeles Times-Mirror Co., which also controls the ailing afternoon *Mirror-News*).

The *Times*'s new publisher is a massive man (6 ft. 2½ in., 230 lbs.) who still holds the shot-put record at Stanford University and keeps 1,000 lbs. of weight-lifting equipment in an air-conditioned workout room on the top floor of the Times Building. Born to succeed his father, Otis, the father of four children, broke in on the *Times* as an apprentice pressman, worked his way through every department of the newspaper, won the respect of editorial and business staffers. Hard-jawed, with cold blue eyes, Otis Chandler has few illusions about anything—including him-



NORMAN & OTIS CHANDLER
With a deep sense of dynasty.

the purchase by the Minneapolis *Star and Tribune* of the suburban San Fernando *Valley Times* (circ. 50,100). In March, Brush-Moore Newspapers Inc., a solidly profitable chain with nine other dailies in Ohio, Pennsylvania and Maryland, bought the fast-growing San Gabriel Valley *Tribune* (circ. 44,130).

Slight as such incursions may have seemed, they were hardly calculated to please Norman Chandler. A man with a strong sense of empire and dynasty,* his action in stepping aside for his son Otis

self. "When it comes to the paper's editorial policy," he said last week, "I am going to sit and do a lot of listening for a long, long time. I don't want to open my mouth in front of the wise men until I know what I'm opening it for."

Realistic as he is, Otis Chandler has bright visions for Los Angeles—and the *Times*. "In the not too distant future," he said, "the city will stretch from Santa Barbara to San Diego. By the time that supercity is in existence, there will, I suspect, be only one metropolitan morning paper and one metropolitan evening paper to serve it. There will, of course, be area publications, serving everything from new subdivisions to cities like Santa Barbara or San Diego. But there is going to be only one dominant, central newspaper—and that's going to be the Los Angeles *Times*."

Sic Transit Gloria

Notice last week in the *Overseas Press Bulletin*, publication of the Overseas Press Club of America:

"The word 'junkie' will henceforth be taboo in the deliberations of the Foreign Press Association of New York. On motion of Britishers on the executive board, it has been decided to substitute the term 'facility trips.'"



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MISCELLANY

Prophet Sharing. In Melbourne, thieves broke open the Rev. Alfred Bligh's safe, found only notes for a sermon titled "Will a Man Rob God?"

Housewarming. In Pickett, Wis., John Klepp, 45, angered because his wife went to bed without washing the dishes, burned down the house.

Gift of Gab. In Yonkers, N.Y., after Patrick Crough, 53, was robbed of \$8 by two gunmen, he told them such a hard-luck story that they gave him \$10.

Proof Positive. In Geneva, World Health Organization officials sent out invitations to a showing of the movie *Alcohol and Alcoholism*, assured guests that "cocktails will be served."

Gross-Roots Campaign. In Kitwe, Northern Rhodesia, the campaign slogan of Undertaker Con Oelofson, a candidate for municipal office, is: "The last man to let you down."

Nabbed Nabber. In Reno, Patrolman Nolan A. Glahn spotted two suspicious-looking men in the office of the El Rancho Motel, went to investigate, was robbed of \$80 and clapped in his own handcuffs.

Skirting Justice. In Vancouver, B.C., Motorist James Robertson, 22, accused of leaving the scene of an accident, told the court that "I was afraid my wife would find out I had been out with another woman," won a dismissal.

Class Dismissed. In San Francisco, Rookie Patrolman Keith Scott was fired after he overslept for an 8 a.m. police class, jumped into his Jaguar, took off at such speed that he lost control and crashed into another cop's car.

Leap Year. In London, after Michael Moore, 33, serving four years for burglary, was allowed out of his Pentonville Prison cell to marry Hazel Dunphy in a nearby church, he went through the ceremony with two police escorts watching, signed the register, kissed his bride, dashed up the aisle and escaped.

First Installment. In Columbia, S.C., State Income Tax Director Dawson Beatie received a card which read, "I have been informed by one of your agents that I may pay my state income tax by the quarter," and to which the taxpayer had glued one 25¢ piece.

Tranceformation. In Albany, N.Y., when Newklywed Irish Lashin, 20, went back to her parents' home, after cloping to pick up some clothes and failed to return, her husband, Hypnotist Albert M. Herman, 33, charged that her parents, who opposed the marriage, had taken her to a professional rival "who put her under some sort of hypnotic spell."

Hall on Politics

Few men know the changing face of American politics as well as Leonard W. Hall, who rose from a local party worker to chairman of the Republican National Committee. This week's *LIFE* previews a soon-to-be-published book in which Hall comments on the passing of the bosses and on such present-day political phenomena as high-speed communication and the new role of the average voter as financial angel for political campaigns. You're sure to enjoy this shrewd appraisal of the political scene by the man who masterminded two successful Eisenhower elections.



Great U.S. Auto Tour

It's spring again and everyone who owns an automobile feels the irresistible call of the open road. For the third in a series of great U.S. auto tours, *LIFE* this week maps out a detailed 1,875-mile swing through six of our southeastern states (plus 2,192 miles in interesting side trips if time permits). There are 10 exciting color pages to give you a photographic preview of what you'll see along the way and a list of 80 points of interest you won't want to miss. Whether it's beautiful scenery you seek, antebellum elegance or just the fun of a vacation in the family automobile, don't miss this engaging travel feature in the new *LIFE*.



Hawaiian Head-Count

Census-taking in Hawaii's eight islands is a tough assignment. To count noses in the nation's newest state, enumerators had to climb volcanoes, venture into canefields, and even take to outrigger canoes. One problem Hawaii didn't have was a shortage of census-takers. Islanders were as anxious to count as they were to be counted. A delightful *LIFE* photographic report this week shows some of the problems met and overcome in counting approximately 650,000 of our newest and most spirited citizens.



OUT TODAY in the new issue of

LIFE

ART



CLOAR'S "NIGHT LANDSCAPE"

Resident Artist

"Most artists," says Carroll Cloar of Memphis, "are quite articulate about their philosophy of art. In fact, some have gotten to the point where they talk better than they paint." At 46, Artist Cloar himself does not like to talk much, but few artists need to less.

The son of a hard-driving, hefty farmer ("I'd have preferred it if he'd been a bit smaller") whose own father settled in Earle, Ark. before it was even a town, Cloar has been recording the story of his part of the South almost all his life. Though neither his parents nor his sister nor his three brothers ever seemed to notice, he began drawing before he could write. During the war he painted mascots (girls) on Saipan bombers, at \$50 apiece, later made a young artist's pilgrimage to South America and Europe. But one day in Venice, he decided that home was where he belonged.

A shy and moody man ("I always look sad in photographs"), Cloar took as his subject his own kind of people, who lived in such places as Calico Rock, Ash Flat and Evening Shade. "The family album," he has said, "was my research." Working in bright tempera because "it responds to me better," he painted everything from the Baptist Sunday school he had attended, to a memory called "The Lighting That Struck Rufo Barcliff it killed him." By last week, as his latest one-man show was being put together at Manhattan's Alan Gallery, his hand was surer than ever, but his heart was still at home.

Laconic Carroll Cloar tells simple tales of life beneath a sky he sees as both acid blue and searingly hot. "Behind some grass," says he of a painting called *The Ambush*, "there's a girl. She's kind of a

plain Jane. Well, she's waiting for the boy coming down the gravel road. And she's going to get him." Simple? Cloar's scenes—a traveler silhouetted starkly against the sky, three farmers talking hopefully of the spring, two men wandering down a ghostly moonlit road past a giant sign saying, *JESUS SAVES*—happen every day. But Cloar builds each into a moment that memory finds hard to shake.

Noble Corral

The Commonwealth of Virginia has seen its share of dramatic horse shows in the past 300 years, but none has ever involved so much high-powered sponsorship as the one now going on in Richmond. Director Leslie Cheek Jr. of the Virginia Museum of Fine Arts first began working on it back in 1954, when two sporting gentlemen on his board of trustees fell to talking about their favorite subject. Trustee Paul Mellon agreed to help raise the money, and both President Eisenhower and Queen Elizabeth were signed on as honorary patrons. Gradually—from the stately homes of England, the châteaux and museums of France, the great art collections of the U.S.—the noble steeds were assembled. The result: as rich a display of paintings as any lover of horses—or of good portraiture—could want.

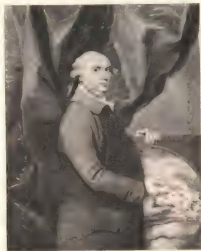
It was inevitable that in this kind of exhibition England would carry the day. Only one American, Swiss-born Edward Troye, who died in 1874, was considered eligible to hang with the masters. Though France is represented by some of its most illustrious names, the fact remains that for such artists as Daumier, Degas and Manet, art always came in first, and horses only showed. But in England, from Charles II to Elizabeth II, the sovereign has been a patron of the turf (two of the exhibi-

tion's paintings came from the Royal Collection), and the commissioning of portraits was once almost as much a part of a horseman's way of life as racing or breeding or hunting. In the 18th and early 19th centuries, the golden age of such art, painter after painter recorded England's placid world of privilege, where the horses often seemed to outrank the people. But of all the painters, none ever matched the horses of George Stubbs (see color 1).

Adventures at Night. At the age of eight, George had an obvious talent—and a curiously gruesome way of developing it. The son of a Liverpool leather dresser, young Stubbs would borrow human bones from a physician in the neighborhood and take them home to sketch. By the time he was 22, he was a lecturer on anatomy in York, and one account delicately hints that he was a body snatcher ("A hundred times he ran into such adventures at night as would subject anyone with less honorable motives to the greatest severity of the law").

He was a man of such vigor and strength that some admirers swore he once carried a dead horse up three flights of stairs to be dissected. He had a common-law wife and an illegitimate son, who piously reported the poignant fact that in the 40 years before his death in 1806, at the age of 79, George Stubbs never had a drink of anything but water. Aside from that, little is known about him—except that at his peak he could command a higher price for the portrait of a horse than Sir Joshua Reynolds charged for an earl. There was good reason for his success: his landscapes could be as elegantly dead as any man's, but when he painted animals, every muscle flared with life, and every sinew danced.

Down to the Bone. How did Stubbs learn his art? One contemporary described a scene that took place in a farmhouse in Lincolnshire. "The first subject that [Stubbs] prepared was a horse which was bled to death by the jugular vein. A Bar of Iron was then suspended from



STUBBS (BY OZIAS HUMPHRY)



GEORGE STUBBS'S "BAY HUNTER IN A LANDSCAPE" (1787)

STUBBS'S "LION-ATTACKING A HORSE" (1770)



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ability to
communicate



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the ceiling . . . and the animal was suspended to the iron bar. [Stubbs] first began by dissecting the muscles of the abdomen proceeding thro five different layers . . . Then he proceeded to dissect the head . . . he made careful designs and wrote the explanation which usually employed him a whole day. He then took off another layer of muscles . . . and so proceeded until he came to the skeleton.¹⁹

The Baron

There was something in Walter Paepcke of the old-fashioned drummer: he could sell almost anything to anyone. But it was his special virtue that he was also a man of deep concern. "It seems to me," he would say with unembarrassed directness, "that there is too much emphasis on material success today. Businessmen have a responsibility to art and other fields of life." The observation was hardly new, but Walter Paepcke was determined to do something about it.

The son of a German immigrant who made a tidy fortune in lumber, Paepcke was the product of good Chicago private schools and more than the normal dose of private tutoring. He earned a Phi Beta Kappa key at Yale, in 1926 struck out for himself in business. By 1945, he had built up the Container Corp. of America into one of the world's most imaginative packaging concerns. But that year he also took a fateful vacation in Colorado.

Philosophy in Sauna. High in the Rockies he came upon what had once been a boom town that had boasted 16 hotels, three theaters and an opera house. It was called Aspen, and with a population of 600, it was still alive only because it happened to be a county seat. To Paepcke, it brought back memories of the great resorts of the Alps, and little by little he began buying up the place. What he had in mind was a cultural center, the like of which the U.S. had never seen.

To Aspen's disgruntled inhabitants, he



PATRON PAEPCKE
A fertilization for the mind.

was known contemptuously as "The Baron." But soon ski lodges, hotels, a health center and an amphitheater rose where nothing had been before. The winter, according to Paepcke, could be the time for sport; but the summer was to be reserved for artists and intellectuals. The procession that came was impressive—birdlike Igor Stravinsky, rehearsing his *Firebird* in jeans he insisted on calling "pantaloons"; the leonine head of Albert Schweitzer bowed over a keyboard; ebullient Mortimer Adler conducting a rapid-fire philosophical discussion while sweating in a sauna (Finnish bath). "The Aspen idea," said Paepcke, "is the cross-fertilization of men's minds."

The Impact. But even before Aspen opened, Paepcke had made his name known. "There are two ways you can make an impact on people," he explained. "Either give them a million dollars or spit in their faces. I can't give them a million, and I don't want to spit in anyone's face. But I can interest them, and that is what I'm trying to do in my ads." Paepcke had hit upon the idea of illustrating the "Great Ideas of Western Man" in a series of ads painted by top artists. It was a gallery open to millions—and millions came to know for the first time everyone from Ben Shahn and Gyorgy Kepes to Surrealist René Magritte.²⁰

Walter Paepcke became what is called a patron of the arts, and the patronage has now spread throughout the business world. The first-rate architect is in demand as never before; the painter and businessman are on speaking terms; and no tycoon's home or office seems quite complete without its work of art. This has been one of the major art news stories of the decade, and one of the men who helped write it was Walter Paepcke, who died last week at 63.

◊ Whose familiar bowler-hatted Everyman, standing firm against chaos and bearing the symbols of simplicity and purity (bread and water), was used to illustrate Milton's description of the "victory of truth" (see cut).

hear here

I DID . . . Growing in popularity daily is the business of having wedding ceremonies taped. The result is a living memory no photograph can match.



BABY TALK . . . How long do you think little Georgia will sound so cute? Sooner or later she'll start speaking English; you'll forget how she called cigarettes "sugarettes" and windshield wipers "windipers." If you're the kind who saves baby pictures—and who isn't—why not augment them with tape recorded baby talk on "SCOTCH" BRAND Magnetic Tape?

JUST A NOTE . . . If you're not getting all the letters you'd like from someone far away, try "SCOTCH" BRAND Magnetic Tape "living letters." It's easy and pleasant to tape a letter, and the reply rate is high. Taped letters have a spontaneous, personal quality far superior to most written correspondence.

FOREIGN SOUNDS . . . Plans for that vacation abroad shaping up? But you don't speak the native tongue? Language-learning is helped vastly by recording tricky words and phrases . . . then playing them back until they're locked in your mind for good.

BUY . . . Tartan Series No. 140 for all-purpose monaural and stereo recording—acetate backing, splice-free, silicone lubricated, 5-inch 900-ft. reel \$2.50, 7-inch 1800-ft. reel \$4.25, at your retail dealer.



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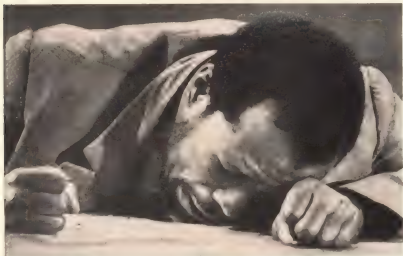


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Magritte's "The Truth" is a painting in oil on canvas. It is a reproduction of the original painting. The painting is a reproduction of the original painting. The painting is a reproduction of the original painting.

MAGRITTE'S "TRUTH"
A gallery for the millions.

CINEMA



MGABI AS MGABI IN "COME BACK, AFRICA"
Like a bug in a garbage pail.

A Camera in Johannesburg

Come Back, Africa (Lionel Rogosin Films) is a timely and remarkable piece of cinema journalism: a matter-of-fact, horrifying study of life in the black depths of South African society. Filmed in secret by a 36-year-old moviemaker named Lionel! (*On the Bowery*) Rogosin, who worked in constant danger of arrest and deportation. *Come Back, Africa* is necessarily crude in craftsmanship. But Rogosin's camera looks deep into the private nightmare and social desperation of a man and a people.

Lured off the land with false promises of big pay, Zachariah Mgabi (the character is named after the man who portrays him) spends several months of hard, unprofitable labor in the mines and then wangles a better job in Johannesburg: houseboy to a *bus*. But the mistress of the house soon loses patience with a "damn fool Kaffir" who can't tell mushroom soup from slops. She fires him, and Zachariah wanders thereafter, like a bug in a garbage pail, through the vast black slums of Johannesburg. He gets two jobs in succession and is fired from each for no particularly good reason. After a long layoff he allows his wife to take a temporary job as a domestic servant, and one night he stays with her in her quarters. The police break in and carry him off to jail as a trespasser. Home a few days later, Zachariah finds his wife dead—murdered by a *tsotsi* (gangster, Zulu style), who strangled her when she refused to lift her skirts for him. The End.

Dramatically, the end of the film is false, but statistically it is true: rape and murder are commonplace in South Africa's black ghettos. Indeed, Director Rogosin's reading of the facts is conservative. He is scrupulously fair to the whites, and the camera leans over backward to avoid some of the more unpleasant aspects of life in the Johannesburg slums: the open sewers and the unchecked disease. But Rogosin

shows enough squalor to stun the average comfortable North American, and to prove beyond rebuttal one of his main points: that under the Nationalist oppression, black men are forced to live, as they often have to die, like dogs.

Nevertheless, Rogosin finds beauty in South Africa, too, most of it in the vital faces of the Negro population, in their sunburnt smiles and roars of laughter, in the explosive imagination of their dances, and above all in the sheer demonic genius of their music. All Rogosin's candid-camera work is done with impressive skill and sensitivity. Where the director has trouble is in the acted action. Almost all his players are amateurs, and he has obviously tried to make them relax and act natural; but except in one exciting bull session among Negro intellectuals, most of them seem stilted; Rogosin thinks that they felt awkward speaking English. Zachariah Mgabi, a Zulu office worker whom Rogosin spotted one day in a railroad station, is an exception. At times he plays with a wild, shy, serious charm that is irresistible. At times his natural, gentle face suggests a black St. Peter.

Moviemaker Rogosin, the son of a wealthy textile manufacturer (Beaunit Mills), made *Come Back, Africa* (the title is a translation of an African National Congress slogan) mostly at his own expense, and the film altogether cost close to \$70,000. He entered South Africa as a tourist, lived there for almost a year before he felt ready to roll his cameras. In April 1958 he applied for government permission to make "a musical travelogue." After two months of palaver with six suspicious federal bureaus, Rogosin got his permit. He dashed off his script in less than a week, then shot for three months with scarcely a day off. The police were always watching, and Rogosin could never relax security. He carefully concealed the true nature of the story from his actors;

even Zachariah was not quite sure what it was all about.

Released in Europe, the film has earned good reviews and a modest amount of money. But in Manhattan, though several exhibitors liked the picture, they had no theater for it. Nothing daunted, Movie-maker Rogosin took a three-year lease on the Bleecker Street Theater in Manhattan's Greenwich Village, where *Come Back, Africa* has now been running for two weeks to small but steadily growing audiences.

New Picture

Expresso Bongo (Vol Guest: Continental) is another British attempt to produce an American cinemusical. The hero is a young Soho boy (Laurence Harvey) who calls himself a talent agent because he books skiffle bands and strip acts into low resorts. One night in an espresso parlor he hears a teen-age rockney (Cliff Richard) who bangs bongo and makes noises like Elvis Presley. The agent rooks the dope into a fifty-fifty split of all his earnings, soon makes him a major platter personality, TV type and subject of sociological concern ("Drums," a psychiatrist declares, "may be his means of evacuating tension"). In the end, of course, the yob gets with it, and the agent finds himself far out.

Actor Harvey is sometimes fairly effective as a sort of marked-down, sterling-bloc Sinatra. The lines are often smart enough (stripper complaining of the bald old men in her audience: "It's like playing to an egg box"). But why should so much effort and ability have been expended to make a bad imitation of a Hollywood movie?



SOHO DANCER IN "BONGO"
Like playing to an egg box.



This is the spirit of a most unusual train—the Vista-Dome North Coast Limited. It's the "glad to have you aboard" spirit of "Sue," the stewardess-nurse. It's the many thoughtful attentions you had almost forgotten. It's the pride of the entire crew in a magnificent train. You see it in the gleaming equipment. You taste it in the wonderful food. You share it in the breath-taking scenery. This is the train that makes travel fun again!

This is the strength of an unusual railroad: financial stability. Substantial non-railroad income—from oil, timber, real estate, minerals—enables NP to put more railroad income to work on the railroad. Result: constant improvement of facilities and equipment for NP shippers and passengers alike. For free copy of travel folder, "Northwest Adventure," write G. W. Rodine, 813 Northern Pacific Railway, St. Paul 1, Minnesota.

NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILWAY
Route of the Vista-Dome North Coast Limited



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Giants' Candlestick Park the brightest
night spot in San Francisco



This 400 million candlepower lighting system and all other major electrical equipment were supplied by Westinghouse for the new home of the San Francisco Giants. Westinghouse is #1 in lighting major league ballparks.

YOU CAN BE SURE...IF IT'S
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BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS

Solid Underpinning

"This confirms the solid underpinning of purchasing power in the economy. It is a darned good sign." So this week a top Government economist welcomed the news that personal income in March rose by \$500 million, despite bad weather, to a record high of \$393.5 billion. There were signs that the consumer is using his record income to bolster the economy.

Autos continued to sell well (see Autos). Housing starts in March showed up better than expected. Said U.S. Housing Administrator Norman Mason: "This indicates that the upturn in housing has begun. Despite the severe weather which made March one of the worst building months in a long time, home building has increased to a normal rate." The estimate is still for 1,115,000 starts in 1960—by no means a record, but not bad. Department store sales for the second week in April set an Easter season record. They rose 18% over the same week in 1959.

One item of darkening news was the March rate of industrial production. It dropped a point on the 1947-49 index to 165, and a point on the Federal Reserve Board's new index, from 110 to 109. But against this could be set another indicator suggesting a pickup in business. Reversing a downward spiral that started in early March, the average interest rate on the Treasury's issue of \$1.1 billion in 91-day bills jumped by nearly a point to 3.622%, indicating that money is once again tightening up as business rolls forward.

Watching Steel

How strong is steel? That question preoccupies economists as well as bridge builders, makes the weekly figures on steel production among the most closely watched in the nation. Last week steel production was due to slip to below 80% of capacity for the first time in 1960, dropping for the fifth straight week.

Some experts blamed the rise of the compact car as a major cause of the steel slump, since each compact uses more than half a ton less steel than a standard model. But if the Big Three compact cars produced during March had all been standardized cars, the industry would have used only 36,000 more tons of steel. Since the auto industry uses more than a million tons of finished steel a month the difference is too small to be important. A likelier explanation of Detroit's drop in steel buying: automakers have restored their steel inventories, which were exhausted during the nearly 17-week steel strike.

So have other industries—appliance, farm machinery, and construction. Feeling that there is no likelihood of a price rise in the near future, they are keeping inventories at a minimum. Steelmen expect that they will be operating between 70% to 80% of capacity until late May, when buyers will have whittled away their

new inventories. After that, steel business should reflect more closely the rate of business done by steel users.

Steelmakers are not alarmed by the slump. First quarter earnings were up smartly. Jones & Laughlin, the nation's fourth largest producer, reported record first quarter earnings of \$2.22 per share, a 13% gain over last year; Lukens Steel reported first quarter earnings of \$2.43 per share, more than double last year's first quarter.

Moreover, steelmen say that the industry can produce more steel than the U.S. can use (expected 1960 production: 120 million tons) at 85% of capacity. That also happens to be the most efficient operating rate for the industry, since it permits better planning and less overtime pay. One serious drawback is that 85% of capacity means fewer jobs for steelworkers. So far, the drop in production has meant the layoff of nearly 13,000 steelworkers out of some 90,000 in the Pittsburgh area alone.

AVIATION

Crisis at Capital

With a banker's cold, purposeful look in his eye, Chairman Lord Knollys of Britain's Vickers Ltd. came to the U.S. to deliver a surprising warning last week to Capital Airlines, the fifth largest U.S. trunk line. If Capital did not immediately pay the \$12 million in arrears to Vickers on the purchase of 60 Viscounts, Vickers would foreclose the \$33.8 million mortgage it holds on Capital's entire fleet of 90 planes, thus put the line out of business. Capital, caught off guard by Vickers' move, did not get word of it until four hours after Lord Knollys went calling on

the Civil Aeronautics Board to announce his intention.

Vickers' drastic step may have been designed to put new pressure on CAB to grant fare increases or a subsidy to Capital—but a fortnight ago CAB had already turned down a Capital request for a \$12 million subsidy to check its heavy losses (\$5,900,000 in the past quarter). CAB appeared in no mood to reverse itself. It was also plain that Vickers was not bluffing. It had taken a calculated gamble when it sold the 60 Viscounts to Capital, requiring no down payment. When Capital fell behind in its big payments, Vickers had granted several extensions. But as Capital's position steadily worsened, Vickers decided that it would salvage what it could.

Severe Doubts. A big part of Capital's trouble was the Viscounts themselves—the first turbine propeller aircraft on any U.S. line. The plane proved reliable and popular, but it was simply too small (44 seats) and too expensive to operate for Capital to make the needed profit. Competitors blanketed Capital's routes with piston-engine aircraft that were just as fast, more easily adaptable to coach travel, and able to carry 20 to 30 more passengers. Now, with the new jets filling the skies, the Viscount is fast becoming obsolete in the highly competitive U.S. air industry.

CAB is also reluctant to come to Capital's aid because it has severe doubts about the quality and efficiency of the airline's management. It questions the judgment of former Capital President J. H. ("Slim") Carmichael, who bought the Viscounts. But he had little choice; no U.S. firm would finance new planes. Capital's troubles were aggravated by its zigzag route structure, which often ends nowhere, depends on seasonal trade, covers cities already heavily served by such powerful competitors as American, United and Eastern airlines.

CAB is also unfavorably impressed with the activities of the man who forced Slim Carmichael out of Capital: Charles Murchison, Capital's longtime general counsel, largest stockholder (80,532 shares), chairman of the executive committee and vice chairman of the board. Murchison is a wheeler-dealer who has profitably bought and sold his Capital stock.* He conducted a determined campaign to oust respected Chairman George Hann, one of the line's founders, in order to take over



Walter Bennett

CHARLES MURCHISON
Flying to foreclosure or bankruptcy?

* New York Journal-American Columnist Leslie Gould, whose wife is Althea O'Hanlon, assistant vice-president of Capital and a close friend of Murchison's, charged that Murchison (no kin to the wealthy Texas Murchisons), armed with inside information, sold two-thirds of his shareholdings around the time when Capital stock was at a peak (\$41.50) four years ago, later bought back his stock at substantially lower prices, quadrupling his former shareholdings. His law firm has been paid \$588,500 in legal fees by Capital in the past six years.

himself as chairman and chief executive officer. Things are due to come to a head at a stockholders' meeting this week.

Bankruptcy Preferred? While Vickers could force Capital out of business by foreclosing, Capital would prefer to file bankruptcy proceedings before this happened. This could block Vickers' recovery of its planes, give Capital more time to solve its problems. Last week, after a seven-hour meeting with Capital directors to discuss "our serious crisis," President David H. Baker announced that there would be "no interruption in the line's service."

AUTOS

The Impact of the Compacts

Wheeled into Manhattan's Coliseum last week was the largest number of foreign cars ever assembled for New York's International Auto Show. To the fourth annual show, 86 automakers from ten nations sent 311 cars. Fancy or functional, the cars were impressive—but still, there was a note of apprehension in the air.

Salesmen had plenty to talk about. For the first time since their introduction to the U.S. in 1950, West Germany's beetle-backed Porsches (\$3,600 to \$8,000) have undergone major restyling, now have distinct front fenders, higher bumpers, Russia's Moskvitch and Volga made their U.S. sales debuts, turned out to be solid, high-fendered old-fashioned cars, clearly designed to traverse well-rutted roads. The U.S.'s Amphicar Corp. introduced its German-made, snub-nosed Amphicar, which runs on land or water, sells for under \$3,000. Other cars:

❑ Sweden's Volvo P 1800, a sleek, hand-tooled sports coupé powered by a 100-h.p. engine and capable of speeds over 100 m.p.h. Price: about \$3,300.

❑ Britain's Triumph Herald, a crisply designed convertible that delivers up to 40 miles a gallon, cruises at 65 m.p.h., costs \$2,229. Another British entry is the ingeniously designed, diminutive (wheelbase: 80 in.) Morris 850, which has a laterally mounted engine, front-wheel drive, and seats four adults. Price: \$1,295.

❑ Japan's Datsun Fairlady, a sporty convertible that seats four, has a four-speed stick shift. Price: \$2,000.

❑ France's Citroën Prestige, a luxurious version of Citroën's front-wheel-drive sedan. Intended to be chauffeur-driven, the Prestige has a dividing window, intercom system, deep-pile carpeting and rubber-walnut trim, sells for \$3,940. Another new Citroën: the eight-seater station wagon, which sells for \$3,395.

❑ West Germany's Borgward Big Six, a luxury sedan. Price: \$3,060.

The latest foreign models were reaching the U.S. at a time when the market was more competitive than ever. Only recently, since dealers at last began to receive enough U.S. compacts to meet the demand, have they begun to cut into the sale of imported cars. Foreign-car sales dropped only slightly, from some 53,000 in September to 52,000 in March, but they are getting a smaller share of the ex-

panding U.S. market, slipped from 13.2% of all cars sold last September to 8.3% last month.

Some foreign-car dealers are beginning to be badly hurt. Says one Westchester County (N.Y.) Vauxhall dealer: "My sales have dropped 25% since the compacts came out." Admits a Renault dealer in Los Angeles, where all foreign-car sales except Volkswagen are down 40% to 50%: "We think we've seen the best part of our business." In the Miami area, foreign-car registrations are down from 21% to 15%. In Chicago, one Opel dealer reports his business is off 75%. U.S. auto dealers are no longer eager for foreign-car franchises. Only twelve have signed since last July (v. 1,129 in the first six months of 1959).

U.S. compacts are also sparking the spring boom in U.S. car sales. In the first ten days of April, dealers reported 160,420 cars sold, an increase of 15.4% over the same period in March. Compacts accounted for 26.1% of the sales. This month U.S. automakers will turn out 185,600 compacts, 31% of the industry's total car output—and production is still going up. Sales of Ford's new Comet—more than 15,000 in the first three weeks—have already caused two increases in production schedules.

TRAVEL

Discovering America

In Manhattan last week, 17 Russians toured Chinatown and peered at Easter gowns in Fifth Avenue showwindows. As cherry blossoms bloomed in Washington, 20 Japanese climbed out of their touring bus to snap pictures. Along Chicago's State Street wandered 72 curious Finnish businessmen. (Their hotel flew Finnish flags, provided Finnish maids for room service.) The Russians, the Japanese and the Finns are part of a new foreign invasion. They may not be seeing America first, but they are seeing it at last.

President Eisenhower having proclaimed 1960 "Visit-U.S.A." year, U.S. airlines and travel agencies are teaming up to persuade foreigners to do just that. For the first time American Express Co. is plugging U.S. tours in foreign newspapers. Trans World Airlines sent five specially trained girls to canvass likely tour groups abroad. Last year an estimated 5,500,000 tourists visited the U.S., spent nearly \$900 million. This year's goal: 6,000,000. More than 5,000,000 will be Canadians and Mexicans, but the number of overseas visitors rises each year.

Gangsterland. Most are businessmen, or upper-income tourists who must "justify" their U.S. trip as business because of currency restrictions, though such restraints are being eased in many parts of the world, notably prospering Europe. Nearly all want to see the Grand Canyon, a U.S. supermarket and Disneyland. After King Mohammed V of Morocco paid an official visit to Disneyland, he returned later in civilian clothes, paid his own way to see it all again.

Nationalities often have their own favorite sights. Britons frequently want co-



MORRIS 850



BORGWARD'S BIG SIX



TRIUMPH'S HERALD



VOLVO'S P 1800



PORSCHE'S 356-B



AMPHICAR



DATSUN'S FAIRLADY
Smaller share of a bigger market.

STOCK OPTIONS

Are They Gold or Just Glitter?

FOR the salaried managers of U.S. industry the most promising way to make and keep a fortune nowadays seems to be through stock options. They have become the major device to counteract the heavy (up to 91%) ordinary income taxes on company officers' pay. Some of the gains have been big: at Radio Corp. of America, President John Burns has a paper profit of \$830,000 on his options for 20,000 shares of stock, while General Electric Co. Chairman Ralph Cordiner has a \$1,262,260 paper profit on options exercised since 1957. But with this year's fall in the market, and the failure of many stocks to rise during the past few years, many another executive has raised the question of whether options are as golden as their glitter.

The stock option is as old as U.S. industry itself, but it was not until 1950 that it began to be widely used. Then Congress for the first time specified that if 1) a stock option was at least two years old, 2) it was granted at no less than 95% of the stock's market price, and 3) the stocks so purchased were held for more than six months, the profits would be taxable at long-term capital-gains rates (maximum 25%) instead of higher ordinary-income rates.

"Taxes," as Inland Steel Vice President William Caples says, "are the main reason for the existence of stock options." For it is only with a stock option that a company executive in the 50% tax bracket can hope to keep more money than he pays the Government. Today, an estimated 60% of the companies listed on the New York Stock Exchange offer executive stock-option plans, v. 8% in 1951.

Primarily, options are offered to spur initiative and give professional managers a sense of ownership. Says Leland Hazard, director of the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Co.: "The stock option is an invitation to aggressiveness. It gives a man the incentive to act as an owner-manager of old."

An option is also one of the strongest cords to tie a man to a corporation. At General Motors Corp., key executives are given cash and stock bonuses, plus options to buy G.M. stock based on the amount of their bonuses. Few leave for other firms because if they do they must forfeit their options and must also give up a big part of their bonuses, which are paid out over a period of five years.

Actually, options in big or established companies are often less valuable for executives than those in small firms, simply because stocks in small,

vigorous companies, with a small number of shares outstanding, often rise faster. For this reason, options, notably in electronics companies (e.g., Microwave Associates, Itel Corp.), are a cheap and sometimes most effective way to lure talented scientists from big corporations that pay higher salaries. Options have also helped turn scientists, who often care little about costs, into good managers. Since Massachusetts' transistor-making Transistron Corp. (TIME, Dec. 21) granted stock options to its scientific staffers last winter, it noticed a marked interest in cost cutting. Says Transistron President David Bakalar: "Many technical people don't ordinarily think of operating inefficiencies. Thanks to options they're broadening their role in the company and becoming more fully developed junior executives."

But options also have their critics. Dean Erwin N. Griswold of the Harvard Law School told a congressional committee that the tax advantages of stock options are "a one-way lottery" and that they "are inherently discriminatory." He warned of abusing options, cited the case of Alcoa's "fairy godmother stock-option committee, which canceled executives' options for 193,000 shares of stock at \$117.25 and issued new ones at \$68.15 when the company's stock dropped in price in 1958." But most companies do not change option prices if the stock drops. Another drawback is that many an executive has found an option hard to pick up, since he must usually borrow money to pay for the stock. It is risky as well: if the stock falls in price after the option is exercised, the executive suffers the loss. Even if he does not take a loss, an executive can find that he has scrimped to tie up his money in stock that promises no ready return.

The biggest objection to options is that a company may offer too many and cut the value of its stock, thus hurting all shareholders. Furthermore, Management Consultant John Gallagher, a partner in Booz, Allen & Hamilton, warns that stock options lose their effect if they are given to too many in the company. He thinks options should be restricted to top executives who have a direct effect on the company's earnings, "should not come to be considered fringe benefits." When options are used with care—and if the stock is on the rise—he and other management experts agree that they have proved to be a most successful method of spurring a smart executive and rewarding him with the riches he deserves.

lonial Williamsburg included in their tours, and try to track down tidewater plantations that once belonged to ancestors. Most Italian tourists head first for Niagara Falls, which outdo the fountains of Tivoli in splash. One of the favorite U.S. cities for overseas visitors is Chicago. Chicagoans like to think that their industry and brisk way of life are the attraction, but the visitors are actually drawn by a romantic conviction that Chicago is the heart of U.S. gangsterism.

Foreigners visiting the unfamiliar New World have their problems, though it is just a canard spread by Columnist Art Buchwald that a Frenchman wrote home that he had a hard time finding a martini with enough vermouth in it. Last year a member of the Japanese Diet toured the U.S. accompanied by an aide loaded down with gallon bottles of sake, a huge box of rice, Japanese pickles, soy sauce and seaweed. Twice nearly ejected from hotels for cooking odoriferous concoctions in his room, he was upbraided when he got back home for causing Japan bad publicity. His explanation: "How could I trust the native food?"

Portuguese Spanish. In many respects the U.S.—which likes to lecture foreign nations about the lack of ice water and other amenities—is singularly indifferent to the needs of overseas visitors. There are seldom interpreters and few facilities at airports or docks to help tourists. Foreigners often complain that they are put last in line at U.S. customs inspection, then cross-examined as if they were dope smugglers or prostitutes.

Sightseeing companies, whose business is tourists, are frequently confused by foreigners. A Los Angeles agency accepted a tour for a large party of wealthy Brazilians, who paid in advance for a driver who could speak their language. The agency provided a Mexican who spoke Castilian Spanish, was baffled when the Brazilians were not satisfied. Said the tour manager plaintively: "They wanted someone who could speak Portuguese Spanish." To help eliminate such troubles, Washington's Democratic Senator Warren G. Magnuson has introduced a bill to set up a federal U.S. tourist bureau.

The biggest obstacles to increased foreign travel to the U.S. are high transoceanic fares and the belief that America is so expensive that only a millionaire can afford a vacation here. Air transoceanic fares are in fact dropping. And travel agencies have already gone a long way toward bringing a U.S. trip within the means of foreigners. Today a British Cook's Tour of 15 days in the U.S., including air fare, hotels and everything but meals, costs just \$613.

INDUSTRY

Juicy Scandal

The breakfast-table reading of many a hurried city fellow—such is the nature of progress—now includes not only the back of the cereal box but also the fascinating claims on his carton of chilled orange juice. With such prominent assurances as

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BY BRISTOL-MYERS, MAKERS OF BUFFERIN®, VITALIS®, IPANA®

"100% pure," "no sugar, water or preservatives added," and "packed under continuous inspection," he is led to believe that the company president squeezed the juice directly into the carton with his own hands. Last week that belief suffered a blow that could set off the rediscovery of fresh oranges. In the Florida citrus industry's biggest scandal in years, Tropicana Products Inc., the world's biggest dealer in fresh chilled orange juice,* was accused of spiking its juice with sugar syrup.

In Florida, where the multimillion-dollar citrus industry is one of the state's biggest, that is tantamount to coming out for frost. Chairman J. R. Graves of the Florida Citrus Commission accused Tropicana of "premeditated and willful violation of the citrus code" (which prohibits producers from adding anything to fresh juice), called the deed "a reflection on the integrity of the entire industry." The Florida Citrus Commission called for punishment of Tropicana "in a degree commensurate with the seriousness of the offenses." Tropicana President Anthony T. Rossi admitted that he had ordered cane sugar syrup added to about half of a 400,000-gal. shipment bound for New York "in a moment of weakness and temptation" because the juice was more tart than usual. He added that Tropicana will not contest the five charges in the state's complaint, which could result in suspension of the company's license. The U.S. Department of Agriculture has already informed Tropicana that on May 31 it plans to lift its inspection seal of approval.

REAL ESTATE

Hawaiian Building Fever

In Hawaii last week tourists were telling the story of a woman visitor awakened by noises outside her hotel window. When she complained to the manager that "I didn't come to Hawaii to get a room next to a pile driver," he replied: "Madam, nowadays all the rooms in Honolulu are next to pile drivers."

From the ranch lands of outlying islands, where orchids grow wild, to the cool, pastel-colored balconies of new buildings on famed Waikiki Beach, a frenetic building boom of houses, shopping centers and hotels is under way in Hawaii. The Honolulu bureau that records new construction is eight months behind in its tallies. In February alone, new construction of dwelling units reached \$15 million, a 250% increase over a year ago. Fortunes have been made in days by big and small investors alike. Examples:

¶ Two former Denver businessmen, Glenn I. Payton and David O'Keefe, bought 12,000 acres of ranch land on the big, outlying Island of Hawaii for \$55,000 cash and a \$200,000 mortgage. After putting in \$270,000 worth of roads, they subdivided the land into 4,000 "Tropic Estates," sold them for \$2,500,000.

¶ David Watumull, member of a promi-

* But not of frozen orange juice, which accounts for 60% of Florida's orange business. Sales leader: Minute Maid.



TWO QUESTIONS:

1. Who'll throw out the first baseball at Griffith Stadium in 1962?
2. How many fluorescent lamps (installed this month) will you throw out by opening day, 1962?

As for question number one, traditionally the President opens the baseball season in Washington by tossing out the first ball. Who he'll be, we don't know. Sorry!

But we *do* know something about question number two. If you install General Electric Fluorescents this month, *about 99% of them will still be going strong when the 1962 season opens!* That's because they're built and tested to give you far fewer early burnouts. Records show that, on the average, you'll have between 1-2% burnouts after two years of single shift, or daytime, service. So, you have fewer work interruptions, fewer expensive, one-at-a-time lamp replacements. And your lighting level stays higher, longer because of G-E improvements.

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nent Honolulu family, staged a Land-O-Rama in New York complete with hula-skirt-clad maidens to promote his 5,600-lot Paradise Park near an active volcano eleven miles outside Hilo, Hawaii. Thus far, he has sold 4,200 lots, grossed \$3,750,000.

One Honolulu secretary plunked down \$100 each for five co-op apartment options, quickly turned a \$2,000 profit by selling them to other investors.

Subdividing the Air. Hottest properties are cooperative apartments, which can easily be turned into hotel space to meet the tourist invasion. One of the most successful builders of co-op apartment hotels is Kepokai (Hawaiian for pounding sea) Choy Aluli, 36, a lawyer who turned to



Jerry Y. Chong—Camera Hawaii

DEVELOPER ALULI & APARTMENT
All rooms with pile driver.

real estate after he flunked his bar exams and was twice defeated for public office. Aluli saw the hotel boom coming in 1954. But when he tried to build a hotel, he quickly learned that high land cost and tight mortgage money made it difficult for a small developer to operate. He turned to building co-ops, and started a new trend. Explains Aluli: "I figured land was so scarce, why not subdivide the air?" His first 46-unit co-op apartment sold out seven hours after he advertised it, and he had enough investors left to finance a second 32-apartment co-op. He went on to build the 200-room Oahu Tower, the 60-room Iolani, and the 650-room Kalua off Waikiki Beach. His most ambitious project, the Trade-winds, is scheduled to become a \$15 million, ten-building hotel complex with 1,000 apartments.

After Aluli and other co-op developers build their apartment hotels, they hire trained management teams to operate them, provide maid service and other amenities to the owners of individual apartments, who are then free either to live in them or to rent them to tourists.

A typical two-room Aluli co-op hotel apartment costs \$15,100, with \$4,500 down and a \$75 monthly mortgage payment for 25 years at 7% interest. An investor can earn 10% on his initial investment if his apartment is rented only 15 days a month.

Tourist-Based Boom. There seem to be plenty of tourists to go around. Already all the hotels on the islands are well booked for the 1960 summer season. Last year 243,216 tourists spent \$101 million in the islands, a 22% increase over 1958. Existing hotels are expanding (e.g., Henry Kaiser is adding 425 rooms to his Hawaiian Village), but not fast enough to satisfy the demand. Expansion in Hawaii is a costly undertaking because of the island's unique land situation. The federal and state governments own 42% of all the land, while 60 families own another 47%. Land that can be bought outright is scarce and costly (\$30 per sq. ft. near Waikiki Beach), and mortgage money is tight.

The cooperative hotel boom has been largely financed by the savings of people with small incomes, and by U.S. mainland and Canadian insurance companies. Some co-op owners have made a quick speculative turnover on their apartments, but most are investing for the long term. Small investors seem to get a special emotional satisfaction out of their purchases. If they are unable to buy their own plot of high-priced Hawaiian land, they can still buy a piece of the island's future in a co-op apartment.

CORPORATIONS

Olivetti Moves In

At the end of four years of heavy losses, Underwood Corp., once the leader of the U.S. typewriter industry, needed help in a hurry. It came last fall from Italy's progress-minded Olivetti company, biggest European maker of typewriters and calculating machines; it purchased 34% of Underwood's stock for \$8,700,000. When Underwood's President Frank Beane made the deal, he expected to keep running the company. But the late Adriano Olivetti and his successor Giuseppe Pero (TIME, March 21) had different ideas of the way to cure Underwood's troubles. Out went Beane and most of Underwood's aging top management. They were replaced by a crack Olivetti team headed by ebullient Ugo Galassi, 47, who had organized a U.S. sales subsidiary for Olivetti.

Last week Olivetti further tightened its control of Underwood. The Olivetti-dominated Underwood board unanimously approved a plan for Underwood to trade more than \$30 million worth of its common stock (1,200,000 shares) in exchange for Olivetti's U.S. subsidiary, Olivetti Corp. of America (1959 sales: \$15 million). If stockholders approve, Olivetti will have 60% control of Underwood stock, and the number of Underwood shares outstanding will be doubled.

Olivetti plans to market its portable typewriters under a joint Underwood-Olivetti label, along with its printing calculators, adding machines and other Italian-made office equipment. Underwood



New Beechcraft Super G18 seats 7 (9 seats optional). Airliner-type interior. Private lavatory. Food bar, 234 mph top speed. Up to 1,626 mile range.



New Beechcraft Model 65 Queen Air seats 6 to 7. Airliner-type cabin. Separate pilot compartment. Private lavatory. Cruises over 200 mph.



New Beechcraft Twin-Bonanza seats 6, cruises over 200 mph. Supercharged fuel injection engines. New air-start door. Optional couches.



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products to be retained with their own labels will be standard and electric typewriters and an electric adding machine.

To make Olivetti's U.S. investment pay off, President Galassi has completely reorganized Underwood. He cut \$1,000,000 from Underwood's engineering program for money-losing computers, halted production of bookkeeping machines and portable typewriters, which were not competitive, and stopped bidding for low-profit defense contracts.

Galassi expects that it will be at least a year before his changes are reflected in earnings. The company's sales this year are expected to be below last year's \$76 million, and the company will not start to break even until some time in the last quarter. For the first three months this year Underwood lost an estimated \$8,500,000. But if Galassi succeeds, the reward will be great. Underwood has a tax-loss carry-forward of at least \$25 million that can be applied against earnings.

MANAGEMENT

A Painful Lesson

Ever since hard-driving Harold S. Geneen resigned last May as executive vice president, the stock of Raytheon Co. of Waltham, Mass. (1959 sales: \$494 million) has been slipping. In three years Geneen had reorganized Raytheon, stepped up profits. But he craved the title and authority to go with the hard work. In his way stood Raytheon President Charles Francis Adams, the shrewd and respected Yankee banker who took over Raytheon in 1948, but whose talents are more on the financial than the production side. Announced Geneen abruptly one day: "I'm resigning." He is now president of International Telephone & Telegraph Corp.

Last week Charles Francis Adams showed that he had learned a painful lesson. He took for himself the newly created post of chairman, and for his successor as president chose a man who has been with Raytheon only a year: Executive Vice President Richard E. Krafcie, 52, onetime general manager of Ford's ill-fated Edsel. Adams had promised Krafcie the presidency when he made him executive vice president last fall, gave him the interim period to get acquainted with the entire company operation. Adams and Krafcie say they will work as a team, each sharing the authority of chief executive.

Finger on the Problem. Raytheon's stock, which had reached a peak of 73½ the month Geneen quit, last week was down to 43½. Raytheon's 1959 earnings did not keep pace with the company's gains in 1957 and 1958, and its first-quarter 1960 earnings, announced last week as the share, were also below forecasts. Despite a Government-guaranteed loan of \$75 million, Raytheon has needed more and more money. Last week the company announced a \$100 million bank-financed loan with which it hopes to retire its \$75 million loan, put its indebtedness on a less costly basis.

Charles Francis Adams placed the chief blame for Raytheon's money needs on its



A true story

Sweet success from squeezing lemons

It used to be that when you wanted lemon juice, you had to squeeze a lemon. At least that's the way it was until one day in 1935 when a young Chicagoan went to his doctor and was told to drink lemon juice—and plenty of it.

Before he knew it, following the doctor's prescription got to be a chore. But, he wondered, if it was difficult for him, what about everybody else who used lemon juice? Why not do their squeezing for them?

Why not?

With limited capital, he started squeezing. Success soon followed. The American housewife was already beginning to snap up products that saved her time in the kitchen. Lemon juice that you could pour out of a

bottle without touching the lemon or the squeezer was one of them.

Ten years later, the young man's lemon juice was a well-known product. In fact, so well-known that he was unable to keep up with the increasing demand. Obviously, something had to be done. And to do it—in order to expand his production—he estimated he would need \$100,000.

The first bank he approached was the First National Bank of Chicago. He had been told that our Division E officers know food processing, would appreciate his potential, and would lend him the money. And that's exactly what happened.

Since then, that original loan has been followed by others to help expand this unique business. Today, it

is a multi-million dollar concern that still happily squeezes lemons—and now, limes, prunes—even figs.

This story is only one of many success stories known to us. We think it demonstrates one of the basic advantages of being a customer here.

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rapid expansion to increase production of the Hawk and Sparrow missiles. In adding 10,000 new employees in the past twelve months, Raytheon has suffered a drop in efficiency, incurred heavy expenses that are often avoided with slower growth.

"These costs will, we think, begin to pay off in 1960," says Adams. "We are certainly far from satisfied with 1959 profits and with first-quarter results, but we've got our finger on the problem and we're doing something about it. I don't see any justification for the sort of gossip that

you pick up on Wall Street that indicates that Raytheon is going to hell in a hack."

Wearing an Albatross. Financial men view Minnesota-born Dick Kraive with some reservations because of the Edsel fiasco, but he wears his albatross cheerfully. Says he of the Edsel: "It was a matter of timing. If we had gotten it out sooner it would have been tremendous." Both he and Adams are convinced that Raytheon can be reorganized at great savings, are on the lookout for profitable companies Raytheon can buy into.

MILESTONES

Born. To Prince Albert of Liège, 25, heir to the throne of Belgium now held by his brother, Bachelor King Baudouin, and Princess Paola, 22: their first child, second in line of succession; in Brussels. Name: Philippe Léopold Louis Marie. Weight: 7 lbs. 8 oz.

Married. Millie Perkins, 23, pert, former teen-age-fashion model who rose to stardom in her first movie, *The Diary of Anne Frank*, has yet to appear in a second; and Dean Stockwell, 24, former child actor (*Boy With Green Hair*), who hit the big time with his portrayal on stage and screen of a murderer in *Compulsion*; both for the first time; in Las Vegas, Nev.

Died. Donald J. Hughes, 45, nuclear physicist and one of the makers of the first atomic bomb, senior scientist at Long Island's Brookhaven National Laboratory since 1949, who toured Soviet labs in 1957 and concluded that the Russians concentrate money and manpower on propaganda-making science, but are behind the U.S. in the basic research that produces practical results in the future; of a heart attack; in Brookhaven.

Died. Sir Archibald McIndoe, 59, British plastic surgeon who gave hundreds of burned, maimed R.A.F. and Allied pilots new faces, limbs and lives; in his sleep; in London. In appreciation of his wartime skills, some 600 of McIndoe's "reconverted" pilots formed an alumni group called "The Guinea Pig Club." Its anthem: "We are McIndoe's army. We are his guinea pigs: With dermatomes and pedicles. Glass eyes, false teeth and wigs."

Died. Walter Paul Paepcke, 63, founder-chairman of Container Corp. of America, driving force in the development of Aspen, Colo.; in Chicago (see ART).

Died. José Humberto Sosa Molina, 67, brash, bulky (more than 200 lbs.) Argentine army general and ex-Dictator Juan Perón's last Minister of Defense, who crushed the June 1955 anti-Perón naval revolt, failed to stop the September revolution, which swept him and his boss out of power; of a heart attack; in Buenos Aires. Among Sosa Molina's rewards for carrying out Perón's dirty work: 265 car import licenses, each worth more than \$5,000.

Died. Manley Ottmer Hudson, 73, Harvard's longtime (1923-54) Bemis Professor of International Law, and a judge of the Permanent Court of International Justice from 1936 to 1945, who in 1944 set forth principles of world law that were later watered down and incorporated in the United Nations charter; after a long illness; in Cambridge, Mass.

Died. Sidney S. Lenz, 86, who started work at 16 as a \$2-a-week paper salesman, retired at 31 as the millionaire owner of a paper company, devoted much of his life thereafter to playing and experting at bridge; of a heart ailment; in Manhattan. In 1931, after he and Partner Oswald Jacoby were challenged (\$10,000 to \$1,000) by Upstart Bridge Expert Ely Culbertson and Wife Josephine to a 150-rubber match billed as "The Bridge Battle of the Century," Lenz fell into eclipse when the Culbertsons, promoting their new honor-trick system, talked and slammed their way to an 8,980-point victory.

Died. William Whitney Christmas, 94, North Carolina-born physician who became the third American to fly a plane, invented the aileron, and in 1918 designed a wireless single-wing craft known as the Christmas Bullet, whose cruising range of 550 miles and speed of 170 m.p.h. was then tops; of pneumonia; in Manhattan.

Died. William McKinley Mooney, 94, onetime postal clerk who achieved a moment of fame as an amateur boxer; in Washington, D.C. Introduced by his brother, a Washington newsmen, to President Theodore Roosevelt in T.R.'s early days in the White House, Mooney was instantly recognized as the chap who had recently defeated a Swedish diplomat in an amateur bout. Cried Teddy, seven years his senior: "Come, my boy, show me how you did it." Mooney tapped the President respectfully on the chin. "No, no, that won't do," roared T.R. "Open up. Hit me hard." Mooney promptly deposited Teddy on his presidential backside. "That's it, that's it," enthused Roosevelt, bounding up. "Now I'll try it on you." Then the two fell away for a bit, until President Roosevelt shouted: "I've got it. That's the blow I wanted. It's just what I've been looking for—to try on some members of the Cabinet."

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BISHOP'S MITRE (19TH CENTURY)



TSAR'S ORB (17TH CENTURY)

Bejeweled splendor is still a tactic of tyranny.



MONASTERY ICON (17TH CENTURY)

The Power & the Gold

THE KREMLIN (168 pp.)—David Douglas Duncan—N.Y. Graphic Society (\$25).

The crown is an iridescent fountain of bubbling jewels. Diamonds spill and shimmer like droplets of moonlight. At its pinnacle, a huge, rough-cut ruby stares like an evil red eye. The diamond crown of Peter the Great is one of 80-odd superb photographic still lifes of the Kremlin's quasi-barbaric, Byzantine splendors, caught with eloquent precision by David Douglas Duncan's camera. This glittering hoard—jeweled scepters and prayer books, imperial gowns and priestly vestments, carriages and thrones—was buried art treasure until Duncan wangled Khrushchev's permission in 1956 to roam the Kremlin's history-haunted, relic-strewn halls and cathedrals with his Leica.

Five trips later, Duncan completed his photographic exclusive. Handsomely mounted and lavishly priced, *The Kremlin* is ornate but impressive company for his distinctively chilling combat photos of Marine action in Korea (*This Is War!*) and his Pan-like celebration of *The Private World of Pablo Picasso*. From a snowscape of Red Square—that symbolic replica of the Russian steppes in the heart of Moscow—to the two-headed imperial eagle screaming on a cloth of gold, *The Kremlin* is a tone poem of somber and dazzling opulence.

Gold, rather than purple, was Russia's royal color. Catherine the Great was married in a sylph-waisted, fairy-tale gown of spun gold embroidered with silver. When Ivan the Terrible broke the Tatar's grip on the Volga, he had the Crown of Kazan fashioned out of gold filigree, every contour of which mirrors the onion-topped domes of the Kremlin's shrine of St. Basil. The Great Hall of St. George in the Grand Kremlin Palace is a massive-

pillared, arching vault lit by gilded onion chandeliers. The last Czar, Nicholas II, could boast a gilded Easter egg celebrating three centuries (1613-1913) of Romanov rule. It was inlaid with miniature portraits of all the Romanov czars, and thanks to a Bolshevik firing squad, soon proved prophetically complete.

In the book's panoramic text, which sometimes lapses into newscaster's jargon ("All Russia was in anarchy"). Author Duncan tries to capture more than 800 years, but his pictures tell a more revealing story—ropes of pearls, rather like fetters; Empress Anna's cathedral bell, a 200-ton monument to Old Russia, damaged by fire in 1737 and never hung; the golden crowns gorged with diamonds—all these are works of art. Yet this is art not as communication but as excommunication, a barrier defining the unbridgeable distance between the rulers' unlimited power and the cowed abasement of the poor and weak. The seeming paradox that the Communists cherish this "imperialistic" treasure-trove is a tribute not to their good taste, but to their psychological astuteness. They recognized that the Kremlin housed in its bejeweled splendor a tactic of tyranny as useful to the commissars as to the czars.

Goats & Sheep

THE ROGUE WORLD OF DOCTOR BRINKLEY (280 pp.)—Gerald Carson—Rinehart (\$4.95).

It may be, as the late William Allen White observed while discussing the villain of this biography, that 20% of the people are permanently gullible. And it may be that White's figure is low. John R. Brinkley, a small, dapper, goateed North Carolinian, who seemed certain

that society rests upon a thick substratum of cement-heads, combined elements of the demagogue and the religious faker, but above all he was a medical quack—perhaps the greatest quack ever to barter colored water for cash. Author Carson tells the story in a slapdash, comball style that suits his subject well.

At the peak of his incredible career in the 1920s, Brinkley owned three yachts (one of which was 150 feet long and shipped a pipe organ), the most powerful radio station on earth, quantities of snazzy real estate, diamonds large enough to be used for fish-line sinkers, and any number of imaginatively colored limousines. In 1930 he decided, a couple of months before Election Day, to run for the governorship of Kansas (he promised a lake in each county), and his write-in campaign might well have succeeded had not the Republican and Democratic ballot counters joined hands against him.

Testimonial for Billy. Brinkley began his quackery as a humble "Quaker doctor," a species of tonic peddler who "thee'd" and "thou'd" dollars out of rubes' back pockets—and, naturally, had no connection with the Society of Friends. He learned early the bases of his calling—how to exploit hypochondria, and how to aggravate the bone-bred dislike of the ignorant for honest physicians ("Don't let your doctor two-dollar you to death," he was to thunder later on).

When Brinkley drifted to tiny Milford, Kansas in 1917, his assets were a sheepskin from the Eclectic Medical University of Kansas City (a diploma mill), a membership in the Masons, and a Saxon Six automobile. Then a rustic came to Brinkley with the complaint that he was a "flat tire," sexually inert. Somehow, Brinkley hit on the idea of implanting a fragment of goat gonad in the old fellow's testicles. He did, and before long the patient had recuperated to the extent that he was

able to sire a healthy son—a lad named, appropriately enough, Billy.

Pick Your Operation. Brinkley called his operation a graft. It was, of course, merely a swindle. But goat glands caught on. There were difficulties at first: it developed that glands from Angora goats gave patients an enduring stench, so stinkless Toggenberg goats were used. Brinkley showed flair approaching genius by allowing his suckers to choose their own goats, much in the manner, as the author observes, as one could pick his own lobster at a Maine shore restaurant. Later, the goat doctor refined his pitch: "Operations performed according to your selection; you pay only for what you choose." The suckers hobbled in, and the money, at \$750 for the standard implanting operation, began to pile up. The "doctor" began to dress like a swell, circumcised the Prince of Siam while touring the Far East, and sponsored a baseball team called the Brinkley Goats.

In 1923, Brinkley cannily secured a license to operate a powerful radio station, KFKB (for "Kansas First, Kansas Best"). Taking the air between concerts by hillbilly hands and sessions by the "Tell Me a Story Lady," Brinkley read sermons, pitched hard for goat glands, and made "snapshot diagnoses" of the ailments of his correspondents. "Now here is a letter from a dear mother," he would croon, "a dear little mother who holds to her breast a babe of nine months. She should take Number 2 and Number 16 and—yes—Number 17 and she will be helped." Brinkley got \$1 a bottle from each of the hundreds of druggists who peddled his prescriptions.

Bankruptcy in a Cadillac. Tardily, the authorities awoke to Brinkley, and by the early 1930s he had been stripped of his license to practice medicine in Kansas. Unperturbed, he hired other medics to do his cutting, and piped his radio medicine

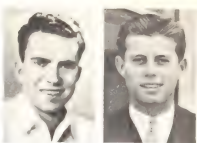
show to XER, in Mexico near Del Rio, Texas. Brinkley tried twice more to become Governor of Kansas, and in 1940 let it be known that he had received 500,000 letters urging him to run for President as the Republican candidate. But by the end of the decade, the enthusiasm for goat glands had subsided (although Brinkley made \$810,000 in 1939). He lost a libel suit against his archenemy, the A.M.A.'s Dr. Morris Fishbein. The goat doctor retired from quackery, and in 1941, after prudently shifting most of his wealth to his wife and friends, declared bankruptcy. Sadly he told the court: "I don't think there is but two Cadillacs left."

One year later, he was dead of a heart ailment. Dr. Fishbein had already written his obituary: "Centuries to come may never produce again such blatancy, such fertility of imagination or such ego."

Biography on the Bias

The classic campaign biography should sound like a chorus of *When the Saints Go Marching In*. It should present its hero as both liberal and conservative, fearless and cautious, witty and generous, as a model of propriety and sagacity, and a lover (figuratively and respectfully speaking) of American womanhood. In this presidential year, as usual, nearly all of the major candidates are on view.* Some of the portraits present the usual saintly features, while others are outright smears. A few are honest attempts to measure the candidates in more than one dimension.

In the halo tradition are **Stuart Symington** (*Doubleday*; \$3.95), **This Is Humphrey** (*Doubleday*; \$3.95), **The Real Nixon** (*Rand McNally*; \$3.95), and **Nelson Rockefeller** (*Harper*; \$5.50). All four are tender love letters that would do credit to Elizabeth ("Let me count the ways") Barrett Browning. The Rockefeller book is an attempt to bring a glittering millionaire down to the aw-shucks level, e.g., he got a niggardly 25¢-a-week allowance as a boy, didn't go to "any exclusive preparatory school," but to Manhattan's progressive Lincoln. It also contains some odd facts about the Governor; e.g., one eye is bluer than the other; he is ambidextrous. Except for the color of their eyes, the geographical locations and the political proper nouns, the heroes of the other three biographies are interchangeable. All had remarkable, up-from-the-shoots careers; all are so faultless and sinless that they must certainly be potential candidates for beatification as well as the U.S. presidency. The Nixon biography is the work of Bela Kornitzer, a Hungarian refugee who, according to the dust jacket, learned English by going to American movies. This is undoubtedly true. The book includes a replica of Mother Hannah Nixon's handwritten recipe for cherry pie, as well as the information that young Dick won one of his first elections (president of the



Associated Press

DICK AT 18, JACK AT 21
Up for beatification?

student body at Whittier College) by campaigning for dances, which had been banned at the Quaker-founded school. The Kornitzer book seems to be about an entirely different man from William Costello's bleak study, **The Facts About Nixon** (*Viking*; \$3.95), which first appeared in abbreviated form in the *New Republic*. Reporter Costello shows his bias in every turn of phrase, and the sinister Nixon he presents is no closer to the real man.

The paradox is repeated in **Candidates 1960** (*Basic Books*; \$4.95), a spotty collection of sketches by Washington correspondents, edited by CBS News Analyst Eric Sevareid. The Dick Nixons portrayed by the Baltimore *Sun*'s Philip Potter (anti) and the New York *Daily News*'s Frank Holeman (pro) are different people. Potter's Nixon: "He has all the ambivalence of a college debater, who can make as forceful an argument on one side as on the other." Holeman: "He has the training, brains, and courage to be a good Republican President. He has the heart and faith to be a great one."

More objective are Stewart Alsop's twin study, **Nixon and Rockefeller** (*Doubleday*; \$3.95), which had the misfortune of reaching the market four weeks after Nelson Rockefeller decided to quit, and James MacGregor Burns's **John Kennedy: A Political Profile** (*Harcourt, Brace*; \$4.75). Alsop presents a light-and-shadow Nixon, a candidate whose "cool toughness and simple guts . . . would be markedly useful in a President." Burns, a Williams College professor who once ran (unsuccessfully) for Congress on the same ticket with Jack Kennedy, is frankly biased, but he does recognize faults and shortcomings in his hero (e.g., Kennedy's failure to take a stand in the Senate censure of Joe McCarthy), and the result comes closer than most of the other books to being a portrait of a human being—certainly closer than **The Kennedy Family** (*Little, Brown*; \$3.95), a friendly romp with a large and formidable clan, in which the candidate is all but lost from view in the throng of adored ancestors and siblings.

Scattered among the biographies are nuggets of incidental information that could be useful to future historians, or possibly even to voters in the polling places next November. Items:

☐ When Dick Nixon made his harrowing arrival in Caracas in 1958 and was



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"DOCTOR" BRINKLEY

On a thick substratum of cement-heads.

* Exceptions: Lyndon Johnson and Adlai Stevenson, who, however, are already on view in older biographies.

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stoned by Communists, another Red mob was waiting for him, armed with explosives, at the tomb of Simón Bolívar. Although he had no foreknowledge of the mob, Nixon probably saved his life by countermanning the orders of the Venezuelan Foreign Minister, ordering his car to bypass the tomb and go directly to the U.S. embassy.

¶ Kennedy was an atrocious speller and grammarian as a boy, graduated 64th in a class of 112 at Choate, but improved sufficiently to turn his *magna cum laude* thesis at Harvard into a bestseller (*Why England Slept*) with the help of New York Times Elder Arthur Krock.

¶ Hubert Humphrey is an expert dancer, courted his future wife to the tune of an orchestra led by a young unknown, Lawrence Welk, who later became President Eisenhower's favorite music man.

¶ It is virtually certain that the next President of the U.S. will be the first to be born in the 20th century. Stevenson, the oldest of the candidates, made it by 36 days; Kennedy, the youngest, was born 17 years after the century's turn.

¶ None of the seven major candidates smoke cigarettes.

Lament for the Century

THE DISINHERITED (274 pp.)—Michel del Castillo—Knopf (\$3.95).

This is another lament for the 20th century by the Spaniard who wrote *Child of Our Time* (TIME, Oct. 20, 1958). In that moving autobiographical novel, Author del Castillo charted a sad trail from the corpse-strewn streets of Madrid to the concentration camps of France and Germany, to something like inner peace at a Jesuit school back in Spain. Still only 26, and now living in Paris, he tries in *The Disinherited* to revisit the Spanish revolution, which flamed around him when he was a child. At this distance, memory is small help, and the tales of heroes and sufferers take on the shadowy cast of legend. Set against the tough honesty of George Orwell's *Homage to Catalonia*, or José María Gironella's *The Cyphers Believe in God*, this novel has the air of a routine reconstruction. Yet it deserves to be read as a reminder of old passions and issues that are far from dead.

Substantially, Del Castillo tells the truth about the desperate Spain of his early childhood. He also makes the necessary point that the bitterness of starving Spaniards—as well as the idealism of their political champions—was brutally exploited by the Communist Party. But for all his abundance of feeling, Del Castillo lacks the equipment of the novelist, and for all his bitter experiences, he still lacks certain political insights. In an agitated foreword Del Castillo writes: "I have never belonged to the Party and am thus not a renegade. But neither am I anti-Communist . . . I can easily conceive that a person might, after having read my book, join the Communist Party in all good faith." This possibility is so unlikely that the author seems to have misunderstood his own book.

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*New York Newspaper Reveals
Startling Vitamin Price Facts...
Learn How You Can Save On*

Vitamins

Recently a leading New York evening newspaper published a public service study of Patent Medicines. The VITAMIN installment uncovered the wide variance in the prices of Vitamins and Vitamin-Mineral combinations.

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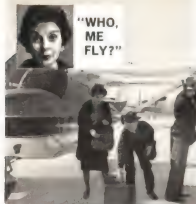
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CINEMA

The Fugitive Kind. The screen version of Playwright Tennessee Williams' *Orpheus Descending* has a kind of nauseating beauty, luridly reworking the myth of Orpheus in a dirty little town in Mississippi. With Marlon Brando, Anna Magnani, Joanne Woodward, Victor Jory.

Conspiracy of Hearts. In a tear-and-terror flick that generates ulcer-perforating tension, Jewish children escaped from a Nazi concentration camp are sheltered in an Italian convent. With Lilli Palmer.

A Lesson in Love (Swedish). In a comedy of morals as well as manners, brilliant Writer-Director Ingmar Bergman presents a risibly sophisticated satire about marital fidelity.

The Magician (Swedish). Bergman in another mood tells the story of a small-time 19th century Mesmer whose mystical mask covers an ordinary man (but is he really?) forced by poverty to be a "ridiculous vagabond, living a lie."

The Poacher's Daughter. With the magic of language, Julie Harris and the players of the Abbey Theatre lift a banal comedy plot high off the green sod.

TELEVISION

Wed., April 20

Ninotchka (ABC, 8:30-10 p.m.).* The hat-happy comrade whose first incarnation was Greta Garbo returns in the shape of Cinemascope Marius Schell. Co-stars: Gig Young, Zsa Zsa Gabor, Mischa Auer.

Thurs., April 21

Du Pont Show of the Month (CBS, 8-9:30 p.m.). A remake of Actress-Author Ruth Gordon's autobiographical play, *Years Ago*, tells about a stage-struck teen-ager who fights her parents for a crack at Broadway. Sandra (Gypsy) Church stars as the young Ruth, Robert (Music Man) Preston as her father.

CBS Reports (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). The hopeful progress of Dr. Tom Dooley, who has devoted his life to medical work among the natives of Laos. "Biography of a Cancer" reports his trip to the U.S. for surgery and his return to Laos, as an example of man's fight against the disease.

Fri., April 22

Journey to Understanding (NBC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). De Gaulle's visit to Washington. Followed Saturday, April 23 (CBS, 11 a.m.-12 noon) by a look at his press conference at the National Press Club.

Project 20 (NBC, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). Mark Twain's America makes a racy panorama, in the technique of animated still-pictures that was brilliantly used in "Meet Mr. Lincoln." Promised: many newly discovered photographs of Sam Clemens.

Playhouse 90 (CBS, 9:10-10:30 p.m.). Comedian Mike Nichols (in his first TV drama), Actresses Janice Rule and Mary Astor are among six inmates undergoing therapy in a state mental hospital.

Sun., April 24

New York Philharmonic's Young People's Concerts (CBS, 1-2 p.m.). Leonard Bernstein's last offering for the kids this season: Copland's *Second Hurricane*.

* All times E.S.T. until Sunday, April 24; thereafter, E.D.T.

Face the Nation (CBS, 5-5:30 p.m.). Gamal Abdel Nasser on film.

Conventions 1960 (NBC, 5:30-6 p.m.). A look at past presidential conventions and a preview of what may be ahead. With Chet Huntley and David Brinkley.

Twentieth Century (CBS, 6:30-7 p.m.). Author Fannie Hurst, a lifelong friend of New York's late Mayor La Guardia, helps out in an eyewitness account of the life and times of the Little Flower.

The Princess and the Photographer (NBC, 8-9 p.m.). A slice of what former *Punch* Editor Malcolm Muggeridge describes as the great royal soap opera: the story of Princess Margaret from childhood to the pomp and ceremony preceding her marriage to Photographer Antony Armstrong-Jones.

The Dow Hour of Great Mysteries (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Barbara Bel Geddes threads her way among assorted corpses in a story that mixes 20th century suburbia with 17th century witchcraft.

Tues., April 26

Jack Paar Presents (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). With Shelley Berman, Oscar Levant, Elaine May and Mike Nichols.

THEATER

On Broadway

Toys in the Attic. Playwright Lillian Hellman's taut, powerful drama about a weak ne'er-do-well's sudden acquisition of wealth and the anguish this brings to his wife and sisters. Jason Robards Jr. heads a fine cast.

A Thurbur Carnival. The men, women and dogs that chase one another through Humorist James Thurber's mind come yapping and yipping to the stage in a grand, slightly bland evening.

The Tenth Man. Playwright Cuddy Chayefsky, in his best work to date, cures two young Jewish people's mental illness with ancient rites, setting off an explosion of faith in a synagogue full of unbelievers.

The Miracle Worker. With more feeling than art Playwright William Gibson draws an outline of the early childhood of Deaf-Mute Helen Keller, leaves it to be filled by the uncompromisingly excellent acting of Anne Bancroft and Patty Duke.

Five Finger Exercise. A quite ordinary British family implodes with suppressed hate, nearly killing an innocent bystander.

The Andersonville Trial. A sharply theatrical treatment of a war-crimes trial after the U.S. Civil War that evokes (but never quite faces) the moral issues also raised by Nuremberg.

Off Broadway

The Prodigal. The season's best new playwright is a 24-year-old Columbia University graduate who uninchingly appropriates the material of Greek tragedy, keeps his characters in Argos and in Argive dress, but turns Orestes into a mocking young man of the present.

The Balcony. To French ex-Convict Jean Genet the world is a brothel, and his play—more interesting for its conception and staging than for the playwright's wild threshings of language—is set in a brothel where customers are dressed as bishops, judges and generals to save their egos.



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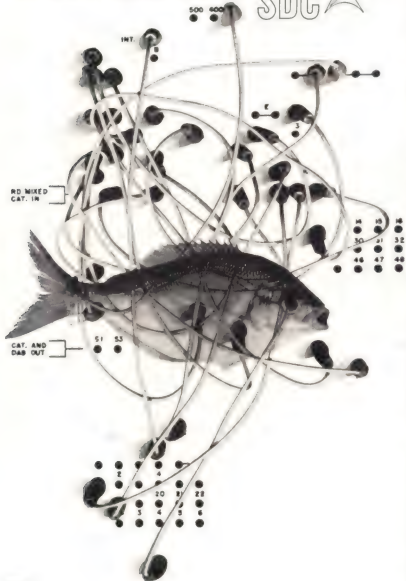
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SDC



BOOKS

Best Reading

The Loneliness of the Long-Distance Runner, by Alan Sillitoe. Well-done short stories of Britain's slum-dwellers and their guerrilla warfare with society's overdogs.

The Dandy, by Ellen Moers. A chart of the dwindling course of dandyism, from Beau Brummell, who issued dictates to 19th century England on the curve of a brim and the blend of a snuff, to the modern male who trembles at the brink of foppishness when he folds a handkerchief into his breast pocket.

D'Annunzio, by Anthony Rhodes. An entertaining biography of the fabulous Italian poet-soldier, whose antics intoxicated Italy with blood, glory and poppycock, and did much to prepare the nation for the grim Mussolini hangover.

Clean and Decent, by Lawrence Wright. The natural history of the bathroom may be an unlikely subject, but the author's wit and scholarship make this book better bathtub reading than most novels.

A Separate Peace, by John Knowles. The end of innocence and the beginnings of adulthood are treated with skill and power in this exceptionally good first novel about two schoolboys.

Clea, by Lawrence Durrell. The concluding novel in the author's exotic, brilliant and often over-lush tetralogy about contemporary Alexandria.

The Edge of Day, by Laurie Lee. The British poet states the common truths of boyhood uncommonly well in this pleasant, unsentimental memoir.

Commandant of Auschwitz, by Rudolf Hoess. That the worst criminal can be self-pitying is proved in this grim memoir by the SS captain, since executed, who gassed 2,000,000 Jews at Auschwitz.

The Reluctant Surgeon, by John Kobler. John Hunter, the brilliant and eccentric 18th century medical experimenter, is well portrayed in a readable biography.

Kiss Kiss, by Roald Dahl. The author concentrates on the female of the species in these stories, and proves Kipling's point about its deadliness with chilling wit.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *Hawaii*, Michener (1)*
2. *Advise and Consent*, Drury (2)
3. *The Lincoln Lords*, Hawley (5)
4. *The Constant Image*, Davenport (4)
5. *Ourselves to Know*, O'Hara (3)
6. *Clea*, Durrell
7. *The Devil's Advocate*, West (9)
8. *Two Weeks in Another Town*, Shaw (8)
9. *Kiss Kiss*, Dahl (7)
10. *Aimez-vous Brahms...*, Sagan (10)

NONFICTION

1. *May This House Be Safe From Tigers*, King (1)
2. *Folk Medicine*, Jarvis (2)
3. *My Wicked, Wicked Ways*, Flynn (6)
4. *Act One*, Hart (7)
5. *The Enemy Within*, Kennedy (3)
6. *Grant Moves South*, Catton (5)
7. *The Law and the Profits*, Parkinson (4)
8. *Name and Address*, Matthews
9. *The Joy of Music*, Bernstein (8)
10. *Meyer Berger's New York*, Berger

* Position on last week's list.



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4. Have I made sure that my wife will receive an adequate income after the children are self-supporting?
5. Will my wife have the necessary money to cancel the mortgage on our home?

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7. Will my wife have enough money to adjust gradually to the loss of my income during that first difficult year?

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with this
man-eating tiger!

1. "In the rugged Himalayan foothills of Assam," writes Mary Hurn, an American friend of Canadian Club, "marauding tigers are a menace to life and limb. I'd been on several 'shoots' as a guide, but never as a gun-handler—until I accepted the invitation of His Highness the Maharaja of Cocho Behar. Setting out with thirty elephants and two hundred mahouts, trackers and beaters, I was afraid it might prove a man-size undertaking for a woman like me. The grass was so tall, I didn't see the man-eater until we were on top of him. Then, my elephant caught the scent—and trumpeted wildly. Peering down the sights of my .375 Magnum, I looked into the most ferocious face I'd ever seen. That was all I needed to squeeze the trigger!



2. "It was beginner's luck—but when the smoke had cleared, the tiger didn't look ferocious any more. My one shot had stopped him in his tracks. It only remained for the porters to truss him up and carry him back to camp.



3. "Weighing in at well over five hundred pounds, the tiger measured a good ten feet from tooth to tail. His colorful pelt made a handsome trophy for an amateur rifleman. And the natives were more than delighted to get a much-needed supply of fresh meat.



4. "At Rambagh Palace in nearby Jaipur, I joined the Maharaja in a victory toast. 'What better way to celebrate than with Canadian Club,' said my host."

Why this whisky's world-wide popularity? Canadian Club has a flavor so distinctive, no other whisky tastes quite like it. And that's not all. Of the world's great whiskies, the lightest are Scotch and Canadian.

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